

THE BOMBAY COURIER.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK, — EVERY SATURDAY AND TUESDAY MORNING. — PRICE 13 RUPEES PER QUARTER.

SATURDAY, 2 NOVEMBER, 1833.

2285.

NOTICE.

A Sermon in behalf of the Auxiliary Scottish Mission will be preached in the Scotch Church next, the 3d of November, at 11 A. M. The Revd. Joseph Laurie, after the Institution; and the Anniversary of the Society will be held in the same Church on the succeeding 5th, at 11 A. M.

J. LAURIE, Sec.

Monthly Meeting of the Committee of the BYCULLA CLUB, will be held at the Club-house, this day, 2d of November, at 11 o'clock.

Club-house, 2d November, 1833.

PUBLISHED AND READY FOR

SALE,

AN INDIAN CALENDAR, for the

1834, shewing the correlative

of the various modes of reck-

oning the HINDOOS, PAR-

SI, and MALABA-

REES two.

2d November, 1833.

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MARTIAL, AND

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NOTICE.

RAGONATH HURRYCHUNDJEE'S Library will be removed on the 1st Nov. next to the First floor in Nesbit Lane between Messrs. Frith and Bomanjee's Shop and the Gazette Press.

For Sale on Commission the following New Books in

Bds.

Court Anecdotes, by Sams. Rs. 4

The Encyclopaedia of anecdotes illustrative of char-

acter and events, from genuine sources, by

Ramsay..... 5

The Posthumous papers, facetious and fanciful of

a person lately about Town..... 3

Military Memoirs of four brothers (Natives of

Staffordshire) engaged in the service of their

Country as well in the new-world and Africa,

as on the continent of Europe, by the Survivor 4

Single Elephant drawing paper, per sheet..... 3

A small supply of Damask Brocade and watered

fancy note Paper of various cols. per qre. 1 1/2 and 3

Rs.

STATIONERY PER NEW GROVE.

Superfine Writing Demy..... per qre. 35

Cut Foolscap..... 20

Stout Cartridge..... 2

Fine Pink Blotting..... 1

Superfine thick London Gilt and plain

Letter paper..... 15

Do. fine Bath Gilt and plain do..... 15

Large thin blue wove 4to..... 20

Superfine thick laid plain..... 15

Superfine copy 4to..... 15

Black Lead Pencils..... per dozen 4

Wafers..... per box 1 1/2

Ready made pens..... per 100 5

Quills..... per 100 4

Foolscap Blank books, from 1 1/2 to 8 quires, patent,

Sheep binding, from 3 1/2 to..... Rs. 14

MUSIC, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

The Dark Blue Sky..... 2 2 0

The Captive Knight, a Ballad..... 2 0 0

The Warrior's Bride, a Ballad..... 3 0 0

Jou la Jou la..... 2 2 0

Song of the Circassian..... 2 2 0

Reeves' popular Ballad, the Mulatree..... 2 0 0

Pro Omnibus Bibo..... 2 2 0

Oysters Sir—the popular Song of the

Oyster Girl..... 2 0 0

He passes her in sorrow..... 2 0 0

The Dahlia, a Ballad..... 2 0 0

The Feather, a Ballad..... 2 0 0

Sweet Eyes..... 2 0 0

I'll only hear the word, Farewell..... 2 0 0

A Minstrel Knight came to Rosabel's

Bower..... 3 0 0

The Desert Isle..... 3 0 0

The Roman Girl's Song..... 2 0 0

Original songs—In dreams I see her

Red Hair, I loved him in my early

The sailor Boy..... 6 0 0

Cinderella, Quadrilles..... 3 0 0

Parisian Court Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

Dancing set of "Les Elegantes"..... 2 2 0

Hail Magic hours..... 6 0 0

Third set of Quadrilles performed by

Cunningham and his Band..... 3 0 0

Cunningham's celebrated Hussar Qua-

drilles..... 2 2 0

Do. third set of Scottish Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

Do. much admired 2d set of Military

Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

The Bridal day, a Scotch Song..... 2 0 0

Divertimento—consisting of Introduc-

tion, March and Polacca..... 2 0 0

The Rose Tree, with Variations for the

Violin..... 2 0 0

Rifle Quadrilles..... 1 2 0

The gallant Red Coats, or 4th set of Mi-

litary Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

The Royal Blue Jackets..... 2 2 0

Celebrated Stockhausen..... 3 0 0

Forget me Not, Quadrilles..... 3 0 0

An original and admired set of Quadril-

les for the Piano..... 2 2 0

Les Recreations de la Quadrille..... 2 2 0

A new set of Caledonian Quadrilles se-

lected from the most favorite Scottish Me-

lodies..... 2 2 0

May's second set of Quadrilles, includ-

ing the admired Finale a la Militaire..... 3 0 0

First set of National Quadrilles, se-

lected from favorite Operatic Airs and Nation-

al Melodies..... 2 2 0

Swiss Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

The hour is come, a Duet..... 2 2 0

The Western Garland, a collection of

Original Melodies, composed and arranged

for the Voice and Piano Forte, by Musical

Professors of the West of Scotland..... 7 0 0

lity Quadrilles..... 2 2 0

The Royal Blue Jackets..... 2 2 0

Celebrated Stockhausen..... 3 0 0

Forget me Not, Quadrilles..... 3 0 0

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Professors of the West of Scotland..... 7 0 0

CALCUTTA SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR SEPT. 1833.

A few copies of this most popular Magazine, for

sale. The Nos. from February to August expected

by an early opportunity.—R. H. is authorized to re-

ceive subscriptions for this and the East India

United Service Journal at 16 and 8 Sica Rs. each

per annum, exclusive of Postage from Calcutta.

The Sporting Magazine is published monthly, and

the E. I. U. Service Journal in alternate months,—

the former has received an augmentation of 150

subscribers within 7 months.

ENGLISH SPORTING MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

R. H. has a few copies from February 1832, to

June 1833, for sale on commission, at Rs. 3 per

copy. Future Nos. received by every opportunity.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Girls own Book, by Mrs. Child, 3d

Ed. embellished with wood cuts, 1832..... 7 0 0

Grey's British Spelling books, per dozen 18 0 0

Carpenter's Scholars Spelling Assistant

Do..... 18 0 0

Mayor's English Spelling book Do..... 24 0 0

Dilworth's new Guide to the English

tongue Do..... 18 0 0

Fanning's Universal Spelling Book,

Do..... 18 0 0

Goldsmith's Grammar of General Geo-

graphy with Maps and Engravings..... 5 0 0

Johnson's pocket Dictionary..... 3 0 0

Copper Plate copies—per set..... 1 0 0

Tegg's first book for children..... 1 0 0

Adair's 500 questions, deduced from

Goldsmith's history of England..... 1 0 0

Do. 500 Questions and Exercises on

Murray's Abridgment and Murray's En-

glish Grammar..... 1 0 0

Mitford's American Stories, the three

first Vols. intended for children under 10

years, and the three last Vols. for children

above 10 years of age..... 15 0 0

Mogg's new sheet Map of England and

Wales, with part of Scotland, the whole

compiled from the most recent Surveys

and Topographical Works of latest and

best authority—colored 1st January 1833,

in case..... 20 0 0

SCRAPS

New and Second hand—a very large collection.

ENGRAVINGS.

R. H. has received a few copies of each of the following elegant Engravings for sale on commission,

with instructions to offer them at the very moderate prices affixed. They are all very early impressions.

Printer. Engraver. Size. Price.

Rear Admiral Sir J. P. Beresford, Bart. M. P..... Sir W. Beechy

Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle..... W. Ward..... 11 by 9 4

Byron..... Proof..... W. Cordell..... 7 by 6 3

The Earl of Egremont..... Dick..... 3 1/2 by 3 3

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex..... Reynolds..... 13 by 11 5

Nicholas the First..... Harlowe..... 10 1/2 by 9 4

John, Earl of Eldon..... Lonsdale..... 12 by 10 5

H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester..... Penny..... 17 by 14 6

H. R. H. the Duke of York..... Cochrane..... 15 by 12 7

King George the 4th, Equestrian..... Thomson..... 14 1/2 by 11 5

Duke of Wellington..... Say..... 17 by 13 8

King William the 4th..... Isabey..... 9 by 7 7

Thomas Campbell, Esqr..... Wivell..... 9 by 7 5

Prince George and Princess Augusta of Cambridge..... Lonsdale..... 12 by 11 4

Mr. Yates of the Adelphi Theatre..... Wivell..... 8 1/2 by 7 4

The Marriage of Richard Duke of York, Brother

to Edward the 5th, on the 15th January 1477

with Lady Ann Mowbray, Daughter of the Duke

of Norfolk..... Lonsdale..... 12 by 10 5

Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, G. C. B..... Jackson..... 10 by 8 4

King George 4th, Portrait Proof..... Wivell..... 14 1/2 by 11 5

J. R. Kemble, Esqr..... Laurence..... 18 1/2 by 14 7

George Holme Summer, Esqr..... Stewardson..... 17 1/2 by 14 5

H. R. H. the Duke of Wellington—Health and

long life to the King..... Sharpe..... 16 1/2 by 13 8

Mrs. Oger, Miss Cubit, Mr. Bunden and Mr. Knight.

Miss Stephens as Susanna in the Marriage of Figaro

H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, the Navy..... Fradall..... 15 by 11 5

Miss Chester..... Sharpe..... 16 1/2 by 13 8

H. R. H. William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester

and Edinburgh..... Chalon..... 5 1/2 by 4 3

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Do. Do..... Beechey..... 18

**FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE
LIVERPOOL.**
THE fine British built Ship P
FIELD, - MC'AULAY, Comm
500 Tons register. On her first voyage
England. This vessel has excellen
commodations for passengers, and is in
ed to be dispatched early in December.
ply to **GISBORNE, MENZIES, AND**

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL.
THE fine new Barque COMALA, Capt. MILLER, will be dispatched early in December.—Apply at the Office of ADAM, SKINNER, AND CO.

FOR PASSAGE TO SCOTLAND, TOUCHING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
THE well known Ship ELORA, JOHN KING, Commander, will sail for Port Glasgow, touching at the Cape, on the 5th inst. This vessel has good poop accommodation for passengers, and carries a Surgeon.—Apply to the Commander on board, or to Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.
Rampart Row, 2d Nov. 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON.
THE Ship VICTORY, of 742 tons register, C. BIDEN, H. E. I. C. S. Commander, is expected to arrive about the middle of this month, and will sail for the above port, touching at the Cape of Good Hope, about the 20th December next, carries a Surgeon. Apply to Messrs. FORBES AND CO., at whose office plans of the Cabins may be seen.
Bombay, 2d November, 1833.

FOR PASSAGE TO LONDON, TOUCHING ON THE MALABAR COAST.
THE Ship MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, of 500 Tons Register, JOHN CLARKE, Commander, will leave Bombay on 15th December next, has excellent accommodations for Passengers, and carries a Surgeon.—Apply to Messrs. REMINGTON AND CO.
Bombay, 2d Nov., 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON.
THE teak built ship LADY NUGENT, 600 Tons Register, LUCAS PERCIVAL, H. C. S. Commander. Was to leave England in all July, and may be expected here in the end of this month, and will sail from this Port on the 12th Jan. next. This ship has splendid accommodations for Passengers and carries a surgeon.—Apply for further particulars to MESSRS. REMINGTON AND CO.
Bombay, 2d Nov. 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL.
THE fine fast sailing Ship ROYAL GEORGE, of 500 Tons, WILLIAM WILSON, Commander, daily expected, carries a Surgeon, and has excellent accommodations for Passengers, and will sail on the 15th December.
Plans of the Cabins may be seen on application to Messrs. RITCHIE, STEUART, AND CO.
Bombay, 2d November, 1833.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON.
THE Ship LADY RAFFLES, ROBERT POLLOCK, Commander, Burthen 650 tons. Was to leave London about the 1st of August, and will be dispatched in all January. This Ship has excellent accommodations, having double stern galleries the same as an Indiaman, and carries a Surgeon. Apply to Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER, AND CO. at whose office plans of the cabins can be had.
Daddy's Buildings, 2d November, 1833.

FOR FREIGHT AND PASSAGE TO LONDON.
THE Ship SIR EDWARD PAGET, W. TUCKER, Commander, late of the Lady Raffles, Burthen 500 tons. Will be dispatched in all December, carries a Surgeon, and has superior accommodation for Passengers. Apply to Capt. TUCKER, or Messrs. ADAM, SKINNER, AND CO. at whose Office plans of the Cabins can be had.
Daddy's Buildings, 2d November, 1833.

GENERAL ORDERS
BY THE RIGHT HON'BLE THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL,
Bombay Castle, 22nd October, 1833.
No. 402.—The following appointments are made:—
Lieutenant F. Durack of the 24th regiment native infantry, to be lying adjutant at Dapoulee, vice Del'Hoste, who resigns the appointment:—
24th regiment native infantry.
Lieutenant H. N. Ramsay to be adjutant, vice Durack.
No. 403.—The Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint ensign T. Rostana, 1st grenadier regiment, to be assistant to the commissariat officer in charge of the military bazar at Poona, vice Lieutenant Ramsay.
Bombay Castle, 24th October, 1833.
No. 404.—Captain J. C. Falconer, commissary of stores, northern division of the army, is allowed leave of absence from the 1st November to the 15th December next, to visit the presidency, on urgent private affairs.
No. 405.—The undermentioned officers have resigned to their duty, without prejudice to their rank and position of the Hon'ble the Court of Directors:—
Colonel R. Campbell, 18th native infantry, late of arrival at Bombay, 12th October.
Captain M. Black, 3rd regiment light cavalry, do.
Lieutenant H. S. Watkin, 15th regiment native infantry, do.
No. 406.—Colonel H. Sullivan, commanding at Poona, is allowed leave of absence, from the 1st to the 30th proximo, to visit the presidency.
No. 407.—Surgeon W. Cantrill, staff surgeon,

Poona, is allowed a furlough to the Cape of Good Hope, and eventually to Europe, for the benefit of his health.
No. 408.—Captain R. O. Meriton, paymaster southern division of the army, is allowed a furlough to the Cape of Good Hope, for twelve months for the benefit of his health, with permission to embark from Goa.
No. 409.—Captain C. Johnson of the 3rd regiment native infantry, is allowed a furlough to Europe, for the benefit of his health, with permission to embark from Goa.
Bombay Castle, 25th October, 1833.
No. 410.—Lieutenant C. S. Mant of the 6th regiment native infantry, is appointed acting barrack master at Bombay.
By order of the Rt. Hon. the Governor in Council,
L. R. REID, Sec. to Govt.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS, &c.

TERRITORIAL DEPARTMENT.
REVENUE.
Bombay Castle, 29th October, 1833.
Mr. J. Nisbet, principal collector at Dharwar, is permitted to proceed, on Deputation, on a tour through the two sub-collectorates under his control.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
Bombay Castle, 29th October, 1833.
Mr. A. N. Shaw, acting deputy warehousekeeper, is allowed leave of absence for one month from the 5th instant, under the 14th section of the absentee regulation, to proceed to the Mahabeshwar Hills.
By order of the Rt. Hon. the Governor in Council,
L. R. REID, Sec. to Govt.

POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.
Bombay Castle, 25th October, 1833.
Assistant surgeon Burnes, civil surgeon in Cutch, is permitted to visit the presidency on urgent private affairs for a period of two months from the 15th of November next, his duties being performed by assistant surgeon Hathorn.

GENERAL DEPARTMENT.
Bombay Castle, 25th October, 1833.
The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to permit Mr. Arthur King Corfield to remain at the presidency until the ensuing examination of junior civil servants.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.
Bombay Castle, 30th October, 1833.
In consequence of the death of commander W. McDonald, the Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint commander Harris, to act as master attendant, until further orders, from the date of commander McDonald's decease.
The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to grant Lieutenant Henry H. Whitelock of the Indian navy, an extension of his leave for the further period of one month, for the recovery of his health.
The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to grant Mr. midshipman Frederick McKenzie leave of absence for twelve months, to proceed to Secunderabad on urgent private affairs.
By order of the Rt. Hon. the Governor in Council,
JOHN BAX, Sec. to Govt.

ADVERTISEMENT.
Bombay, 29th October, 1833.
The Right Honorable the Governor in Council has been pleased to limit the number of passengers proceeding in the steamer "Hugh Lindsay" to twelve, and to alter the dimensions of the baggage of each passenger, not exceeding three boxes, as follows:—

Length.....	2. 1.
Breadth.....	2. 6
Depth.....	1. 1.

JOHN CRAWFORD, Officiating superintendent.

DURPUN.

Our attention has been drawn to a Notification by the Collector of Customs, which appeared in the Government Gazette a few weeks ago, that the farm of the Passage boats between this island and Tannah and Caranjah, for the ensuing year, will be sold by auction; and we have been requested to draw again the attention of the ruling power to the injury sustained by the Community from Monopolies of this description, the evils of which we pointed out in a former number. Unpleasant as is this task, the duty we owe to the public will not permit us to shrink from it; and we, therefore, with all due deference, entreat once more the attention of Government to a subject, an enquiry into which—if such were necessary when the evils of the system are so apparent—must satisfy them of the impolicy of taxing the intercourse of its subjects in one part of its territories with those of another, and that in a way which causes the tax to fall almost exclusively on the poor, at the same time that, by restricting to one individual the right of conveying passengers, it diminishes the means of carrying on that intercourse, and bars all improvement whether as regards speed, the accommodation of passengers, or reduction in the rates of fare—that might naturally be expected to take place, were the conveying of passengers open as it ought to be, to free competition. Under the Monopoly, which is annually farmed, the passengers are exposed to a thousand inconveniences, and frequently suffer actual misery for hours together, when the passage boat is crowded, which it often is, (we ourselves have several times seen it so,) to a degree which rendered it impossible for any of the passengers to lie down, or change the sitting posture for any other. We earnestly hope that such a state of things will not be permitted to continue, and that the paltry consideration of a few thousands of rupees of revenue, will not weigh with a paternal and enlightenment Government, to induce them to maintain the odious Passage boat monopolies, which are productive of unmixed evil to the community.

From the Calcutta papers recently received, we perceive that the report, that the salary of the situation of Deputy Collectors, to which natives are to be appointed, had been fixed at Rs.

1000 per mensem, is unfounded.—It appears from orders by the Governor General in Council passed in reference to the Regulation creating the office, that persons appointed to it, are ordinarily to receive in the first instance, Rs. 300 a month, including Rs. 50 for establishment; and that there are to be two more grades of salary, namely, Rs. 400 and Rs. 500 a month, to which Deputy Collectors shall be entitled to rise after intervals of five years, provided they afford satisfaction in the discharge of their duties.

THE NATIVE ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.
SIR.—Though a constant reader of your paper I should not have thought of troubling you with a letter, but for the repeated petty attacks levelled at the Native Army to which I have the honor to belong. These assaults are very miserable, yet calculated to do us injury by misleading persons in this country and even in England where the public sometimes get extracts from your columns. They are also ungrateful attacks and have no foundation of truth.

I shall not attempt the unprofitable task of reasoning with the obstinately stupid;—let them still continue to flounder on amid the muddy pools of ignorance, and such as, by divers silly misstatements, have been influenced in their opinion of Sepoys, I proceed to relate one or two facts illustrative of their character and attachment to the service.
A few weeks ago the Subedar Major of the 5th Regiment was nominated to an appointment in the Concan. He had been in the regiment 53 years, had served 40, as Sepoy, Naigue, Havildar, Havildar Major, Jemadar, Native Adjutant, Subedar and Subedar Major; each of these situations he filled with honor and credit to himself, the entire admiration of all above and below him. Thus much for him as a Soldier, and now as a man. They who think ungenerously of native Soldiers will imagine that he simply packed up his kit and went off to enter on the receipt of 150 Rs. a month; but he did not such thing. First, he took leave of his European officers; in the presence of those he had long known, his feelings denied him utterance. On his last parade where, in front of the regiment, he received the compliment from his Commanding Officer which he so well deserved, tears ran plentifully down the old man's face. On his departure the whole regiment, men, women, and children followed him a long distance calling blessings on his name. Well worthy of notice is his conduct on that day, for he dressed himself in full uniform, then repaired to the Quarter Guard arm in arm with another Subedar—his old friend. Here they drew their swords and after saluting the colours in *comme il faut* style, Ramjee made many devout salaams to those ensigns under which he had so long and faithfully served; they were to him dear and beloved objects. When this was ended he turned to his children, as he named the crowd outside, and gave them good advice. I will not weary you and your readers with further details of a really affecting scene. There was no acting in it, the old man had not a spark of the theatrical in him, but was an honest, upright, single hearted fellow as you shall desire to see. "Go," said he to the crowd that followed him upwards of a mile—"Go, my children, I cannot bear it any more."—Never was a man more regretted than old Ramjee.—There is nothing over drawn in this little relation, on the contrary, I am short of my measure from dread of tumbling into bathos, for I love not Mr. Bayes's vein.

But this is only a solitary instance some will say. Good,—here goes another for the perusal of those who inveigh against Purdasees. When Sir Lionel Smith was about to quit India, the officers of the Bombay Army voted him a sword. The Light Company of this same regiment the 5th (nearly all Purdasees) hearing of the matter, came forward and requested that they might be allowed to give two days' pay towards the purchase of so well merited a mark of esteem and respect. And what did Sir Lionel say on the occasion? Why, that he felt more proud of their offer than any compliment paid him by the Officers at large. I ought to beg pardon for mentioning a circumstance alive on the remembrance of so many; but when cavillers choose to suppress facts and trump up petty grievances, it is but fair to refresh their obtuse memories and refute their ungrounded aspersions.

Permit me to opine Mr. Editor, that you did something less than justice to the 11th Regiment, on a late occasion, when their innocence of a robbery was most clearly proved to all who did not willingly close their eyes to shut out the light of truth. It has been insinuated that Sepoys are supported by their Officers in all things, whether right or wrong; in other words, that we aid and abet them in their ideal plunders. Wiseacres ought not to stop at that declaration; they should go a little further and say at once, that we are in the habit of receiving our share in the stolen goods. I demean myself in replying to such nonsense, Commanding Officers have every facility to acquire a knowledge of the men under their command. No thief is ever allowed to remain in a regiment, but is invariably drummed out of it. But as Sepoys look up to their officers for protection from insult and aggression, they always award it as in duty bound. In all likelihood (no singular opinion) the thefts in question were perpetrated by the Police of Bombay.*

* Slandering, on facing, fashion mong'ring Peons That lie, and cog, and flout, defame, and slander, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words How they would hurt their enemies if they durst; That dare as well answer a man indeed As I dare take a serpent by the tongue."
These miserable things are insolent in their demeanour to Sepoys who are brave men; the consequence is obvious; they sometimes get a sound thrashing. Surely there is nothing out of the way in this. Dr. Johnson once drubbed a book-seller for impudence to him; and on being asked how he could so far forget the gravity of a philosopher, the forbearance due from so learned a character, the great leviathan of literature replied, "Sir, the man was impertinent to me, and I beat him" yet there was not a more benevolent man than Dr. Johnson.

Much absurdity has appeared about high caste men and low caste men. The Bengal Army, is I believe formed entirely of the former. Who has ever questioned its gallantry and good conduct? The Madras, I also believe, is made up of low caste men; what is there to be said of it but praise. Ours is a mixture of all classes, and who shall dare with impunity to cast a slur on its name?

For the obedient conduct of the Indian Army, I refer all enquirers to the simple fact of this vast empire being won and supported by its bayonets.

• Well done!—What next!

I do not object to the comparatively insignificant number of European troops being called the flower of it, but that flower would soon wither and fall if altogether unsupported by the great tree on which it flourishes.

For the kind disposition of Sepoys, you had better enquire of their officers who know them, and understand how to gain their good will;—by no means a difficult achievement.

Excuse my plainness, you have hitherto given excess of attention to a great deal of nonsense. The facts I bring to your notice are not isolated, they relate exclusively to my own regiment, and purposely so, because I am fully convinced any other can produce with as little trouble or research, plenty of similar ones. There is therefore no occasion for me to meddle with their affairs. Besides I am an indolent man, somewhat big, and very fond of quiet, trouble is grievous pain to me. Do not I beseech you insert any more ill-judged remarks on Sepoys, for if you do, it will provoke me to answer them with a hundred well authenticated facts.*

I am, &c.
KALEE PULTUN,

Dharwar, 24th Oct.

MILITARY FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.
SIR.—Allow me thro' the medium of your paper to call the attention of your brother officers to a late proposition of the Directors of the Military Fund, to increase the existing scale of minimum paid by married subscribers.

The operation of this, if it is carried into effect, is stated to be prospective, or rather the minimum is to be paid merely by present and future married subscribers, so that their widows and children alone are to be the sufferers, while all the widows now on the fund, altho' most of them have been for several years in receipt of the former rate of pension, are to draw the full amount, without any deduction for the increased scale of minimum which it is now found both necessary and just to establish.

There are few of my brother officers, married or single, who will not feel sorry at being obliged to curtail the reduced allowances of the widows now on the fund, but justice and common sense both point out the hardship of making reductions fall alone upon future annuitants.

The following is the amount which would be gained to the Fund from its present annuitants by making the rule apply to all alike:—

Number of Widows on Fund on 3rd April 1833.	Proposed increase of Minimum to be paid by each widow now on the Fund.	Total.
Colonels.....	10	0
Lieut. Colonels and Members of Medical Board.....	9	3,500
Majors and Superintending Surgeons.....	10	2,600
Captains, Chaplains, Surgeons.....	16	2,600
Lieutenants and Assistant Surgeons.....	11	1,740
Ensigns.....	1	300
		1,18,540

Allow the term of five or six years to make this reduction, and calculate that by lapses in that period, the odd eighteen thousand rupees cannot be recovered, still there is a clear gain to the fund in that period of one Lac of rupees, and that sum may at any rate prevent the necessity of any more curtailments.

I would beg to suggest to those subscribers who have sent in their unqualified acquiescence to the proposition as it now stands, without considering the great injustice they are doing themselves and all future annuitants, that they should recall such acquiescence, unless the rule be applied alike to all. One Regiment at this station has given its assent to the increased rate on these terms only.

I am, &c.

J. D.

Ahmedabad, 23d Oct., 1833.

STEAM FUND.

REALIZED.	
18th Oct. from 261 Subscribers.....	Rs. 50,440
Since 22 ditto	2,915
On 1st Nov. from 283 ditto	53,855
Invested in 5 per cent. paper.....	52,000
Cash balance.....	1,855

WESTERN MALWA—FURTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS.
The Thakoor and principal Sahookars and Merchants of Rutlam..... 1,400
From the principal Landholders Sahookars, and Merchants of the Jowra State. 2,228
From Raj Singh, Rajah of Seeta Mhow..... 425
From Naber Singh, Rajah of Selana..... 375
Thakoor of Peepalada..... 200

VESSELS EXPECTED TO SAIL.

Vessels names.	Date of intended departure.	To what port.	Touching where.
Boyne.....	24th Inst.....	London.....	Cape.
Earl of Eidon.....	10th ditto.....	Calcutta.....	Direct.
Elora.....	Early in Nov.....	Clyde.....	Cape.
Bounty Hall.....	5th Nov.....	Liverpool.....	
Grace.....	10th ditto.....	London.....	Direct.
William.....	Uncertain.....	Mauritius.....	Ditto.
Gilmore.....	15 to 20 Nov.....	London.....	Cape & St. Helena.
Sir Edward Paget.....	In all Decr.....	Ditto.....	
France.....	1st week ditto.....	Clyde.....	No where.
Comala.....	Ditto.....	Liverpool.....	

EXCHANGE.

Six per cent. Remittable Loan.....	
First five per cent. Loan.....	
No. 1 a 320, 1st class.....	
321 a 1040, 2nd class.....	
1041 a 1440, 3rd class.....	
Second five per cent. Loan.....	
Third five per cent. Loan.....	
Bills on Calcutta 30 days sight.....	
Bills on Madras 30 days sight.....	
Bills on London 6 months sight.....	
Spanish Dollars per 100.....	
Sovereigns each.....	

* The writer of this paper, has been pursued. Upon more.—Ed.

HIGH WATER TABLE.—2d NOVEMBER, 1833.

	MORN.	AFT.
Saturday.....	3 32	3 56
Sunday.....	4 30	4 44
Monday.....	5 08	5 32
Tuesday.....	5 56	6 17
Wednesday.....	6 44	7 06
Thursday.....	7 32	7 53
Friday.....	8 20	8 41

MILITARY ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.	DEPARTURES.
Major W. Wilkins, 1st Lt. Cavalry, from Sholapur.	
Surgeon W. Carstairs, Staff, from Poona.	
Captain N. Morley, Artillery, from Ahmednagar.	
Lieut. R. Crozier, 25th Regt. N. I., from Kulladghee.	
Asst. Surgeon R. Frith, Civil Surgeon, from the South- ern Concan.	
Lieut. Gordon, H. M.'s, 6th Foot, from Deesa.	
Lieut. H. S. Watkins, 15th Regt. N. I., to Blooj.	
Lieut. James Ramsay, 1st Regt. N. I., to Panwell.	
Lieut. Geo. Alex. Hughes, 15th Regt. N. I., to Blooj.	

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.	DEATHS.
At Ellichpoor on the 21st October, the Lady of John Hokes, Esq. of a still born son.	
At Belgaum, on the 25th October, the Lady of Capt. A. Macworth, Queen's Royal, of a daughter.	
At Mazagon, on the 31st October, by the Rev. Joseph Lawrie, Lieut. Frederick Briston, H. M.'s 6th Royal Warwickshire Regt., to Miss Caroline Pollock.	
In the Fort, on Tuesday, the 29th Oct., Edward Col- ley Tudor, Esq. Merchant, aged 33 years.	

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVAL.	DEPARTURE.
Oct 29th.—Swedish Brig Ceres, E. E. Klingstedt, Master, from Stockholm, the 5th, and Portsmouth 30th May.	
Passenger.—G. C. Klingstedt.	
31st.—The Imman of Muscat's new ship of war, Sultana, Alley bin Ammed, Naquodah, to Zanzibar.	

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S SLOOP OF WAR.	HON'BLE COMPANY'S STEAMER.	HON'BLE COMPANY'S BARGE.
Almerst.	Hugh Lindsay.	Nautilus, and Euphra- te.
HON'BLE COMPANY'S SCHOONER.—Shannon.		
FREE TRADERS.—Boyne, Bounty Hall, London, Gil- more, Sir Edward Paget, Earl of Eldon, Frances, Grace, Comala, Clairmont, William, and Flora.		
COUNTRY SHIPS.—Maria, Cyrena, Good Success, Cavendish Bentinck, and Ann.		
PORTUGUESE.—Consoliel, and Amelia.		
FRENCH.—Buffon.		
AMERICAN.—Henry Clay.		
SWEDISH.—Ceres.		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Highly approving, as we do, of parts of "Old Dido's" letter, we must nevertheless decline to publish it on account of the persona it contains. These, however, may easily be removed, and if the writer will favor us with a call, we will point them out. There are also some assertions which require good authority.

THE COURIER.

SATURDAY, 2d NOVEMBER, 1833.

We have great pleasure in noticing some very handsome subscriptions to the steam fund, just received from natives of rank in western Malwa. These make the amount of the funds placed at the disposal of the Bombay committee upwards of one lakh and thirty thousand rupees.

The Calcutta papers of the 11th ult. notice the receipt of Lord William Bentinck's commission as commander-in-chief. This was published, on the day above mentioned, under a salute from the fort guns.

The same papers state that Mr. Holt Mackenzie is to be the Governor of the new presidency in central India; but, though we believe his appointment to that office is not at all improbable, we doubt very much whether it is yet certain, as the letters received here by the *Paget*, which are of a later date than those by the *Duke of Buccleugh*, do not mention it; nor is it likely that it would have taken place, before the bill establishing the new Presidency, has passed into an act.

We have lately been favored with a copy of a pamphlet, published by Mr. Greenlaw of Calcutta, upon that fertile subject steam navigation. This, we must frankly own, we should have avoided noticing but for the very extravagant praises with which it has been overwhelmed by the Calcutta press—at least, by that portion of it with which we are acquainted. The motive of this is clear enough, for Mr. Greenlaw's work, from beginning to end, is a laborious attempt to prove that the port of Bombay is anything but fitted to become the channel of the proposed steam communication with Europe; and that, under all circumstances, Calcutta is much better adapted for that purpose. It holds out therefore a ray of hope, to the editorial fraternity at the sister presidency, of yet being enabled to convey the latest news from Europe to the public of India; and they have caught at the circumstance like drowning men. We wish them joy in the midst of this agreeable delusion; and should not attempt to destroy it if they had kept themselves within the bounds of prudence and discretion. But, after having professed so much disinterestedness throughout their remarks upon steam navigation, we must say, it is not a little amusing to see them displaying the cloven foot as soon as an opportunity is offered. The editor of the *Courier* for instance, has discovered within the last few days that, while Calcutta continues the seat of the supreme government, and of the chief commerce of India, any plan that will quicken the intercourse between that city and England, even at some price to Bombay, is undoubtedly worth considering; while he of the *Hurkaru*, after observing a few weeks since, that no idea was entertained of making any but Bombay the point of departure for the Red Sea, now details of the plan (Mr. Greenlaw's) and presents offer any opinion is good.

When these circumstances are taken into consideration, it is not surprising that the press should attempt to speculate how the seat of the government will be transferred to the new presidency of Calcutta, and how the commerce of India

that its interests should be of such paramount importance, these being questions that cannot materially influence the view which we are confident, is taken of steam communication with Rome by all, except, perhaps, our Calcutta namesake, whose optics, like those of an insect, appear to magnify objects in their immediate vicinity greatly beyond their true proportions. Leaving our friend therefore to gloat over the scheme which Mr. Greenlaw proposes, we shall now proceed to examine some of the arguments which the latter has brought forward in its favor. But, before we go any further, we must notice an extraordinary geographical discovery which he has made, viz., that "Bombay is situated at an extreme point of our Indian possessions!" Where Mr. Greenlaw picked up this notable piece of information it would be useless, we fear, to attempt conjecturing, though we presume, it was not from Arrow-mith's map, as he would have discovered by a glance at that, that the circumference described by a radius of 800 miles, of which Bombay should be the centre, would take in a larger tract of British territory, including nearly the whole of Madras and the greater portion of the upper provinces of Bengal, than the same circumference, if it were drawn from either of the other presidencies.—So much for Mr. Greenlaw's geography!—Now then for his logic.—And of this the following specimen we think will suffice to convince our readers perfectly of its nature.

"If it is conceded (says Mr. Greenlaw) that the main position is established, viz., that Galle with branch Steamers is the best place for bringing the steam navigation with England to bear on all India, then as Galle does not afford means for repairing the Steamers and Calcutta does, and as it would save the necessity for an additional Steamer, let the Steamer herself act as the branch for Madras and Calcutta."

That is to say, because Galle is the best place to bring steam navigation to bear on all India, therefore Calcutta is the best place!—Or in other words, because Galle is more central than Bombay (which we deny) the steam communication ought to go to Calcutta. This deduction is certainly most profound. It is, in fact, assuming that the two sides of a triangle, formed by the route from the Red Sea round Ceylon to Calcutta, are shorter than the third side, formed by the direct route through Bombay—a geometrical problem the honor of discovering which we presume no one will dispute with Mr. Greenlaw.

Radically defective, however, as Mr. Greenlaw's reasoning is, we still think there are parts of his plan deserving of eventual consideration. That Bombay would be an inconvenient port for many (though less than is generally imagined) passengers between England and India, there can be no doubt. It is equally clear if their numbers should prove sufficient to pay the expenses of a steamer direct to Suez, from the other side of India, that it would be most desirable to have one, or more, for the purpose of conveying them; though, as a means for transmitting letters and information, such a vessel could never compete with one which performed the passage to India more directly. The course which Mr. Greenlaw has pursued, however, in noticing this subject just now is most inconsiderate and premature. Had the establishment of steam communication been certain, his proposition to extend its advantages would have been well timed. But under (we fear) the delusive idea that large sums of money are about to be spent upon it out of the Indian treasury, he has come forward with a plan calculated to create local interests in opposition to one another, to distract public attention, and to retard materially the object he has so much at heart.

CALCUTTA.

We have been expecting to find in the English papers some notice of the Landers' Expedition to explore the course of the Niger. It is mentioned, but merely as having reached one of the mouths of the river which it was destined to ascend. From a private source, we learn that, on the 20th July, information of very recent date was received by the Admiral at the Cape of Good Hope, of so unfavorable a nature as to prognosticate a complete failure. The large Steamer had been three months on shore: there had been fighting with the natives, and most of the Officers were dead. Mr. Landers was just recovering from a dangerous fever on the Coast.—*Calcutta Courier*, October 15.

We have copied an advertisement from a Madras paper, notifying the intention of Mr. Norton, the Advocate General, to deliver a course of lectures upon "the plan of Government, and the system of administration of Justice," for the benefit of the Natives. Great praise is given by the *Carnatic Chronicle*, to the Madras Hindoo Literary Society, for having used its influence to procure for the Hindoo Gentry, the benefits of the instruction they are likely thus to receive.—*Ibid*.

DELHI.

The superintendent of the Delhi Canals is able and we hope willing to give our correspondent Sebastian Glace the information he requires.

The River appears to us in every respect best suited to the conveyance of its export from the Hills: and if navigable by any kind of boats to a spot where the temperature is generally under the freezing point at night, during the cold season, we shall not despair of seeing an establishment located there to prepare ice, in convenient blocks or forms, for the stations on the Jumna. A round ball, having most solid contents with the least surface exposed to the air, would be preferable: but as water can scarcely be frozen in that shape without great loss from breaking of the moulds to get out the contents,

half spheres might answer. These, if packed in large wooden chests, with cotton between the layers of them, as grapes are sent hither from Cabool, and having blankets or quilted *Rossis* wrapped round the chests, could we have little doubt be carried in a choppered boat to Agra or even Allahabad, from the 1st. of November to the 1st. of March in tolerable preservation. A friend, who visited the Hills a few years ago, informs us that a veteran officer, now residing at Monghyr, then cooled his wine at Saharanpore with snow, which was sent to him by Banghy from Mesoori in the month of July. With this fact before us, we cannot hesitate to believe it quite practicable to take a boat load of either ice or snow down the Jumna in the cold season. As this is a subject which comes home to the business and bosoms of all lovers of cool beverage in the Hot Winds, we beg of our readers to favour the Public with whatever information they can supply to forward the object in view. We conjure Sebastian to persevere, and hope his eloquence may persuade the present proprietors of "Ice concerns" to transfer their pecuniary shares to the funds of a *Freezing company* whose manufactory shall be within the Hills, and whose warehouses shall be the ice pits of less happy times not yet past.

The American cargo does not sell fast in Calcutta. This is no way extraordinary, notwithstanding the laudations of an insidious writer in the *Hurkaru* who pretends that the use of it in certain high quarters would insure good Government to India: but who does not see that he wants to make us Republicans, by a sort of treason, with which ice made at a place so notorious in the annals of successful rebellion as Boston, must of course be impregnated. Let the conservatives of Chowringhee reserve themselves for a safer commodity. Sebastian Glace and Co. may soon be ready to send them, per Jumna and Ganges, cheap supplies of the great Refrigerant, congealed in an atmosphere on which the voice of the people never floated, and breathed by none who ever heard of liberty except what a pious or other Prince may be graciously pleased to give.

We anticipate no comfort to Mr. Glace from the superintendent's report of the canal, as that officer's want of foresight has not only kept the channel at a vast distance from the regions of ice, but has thrown several bridges over it which we fear would obstruct the descent of 300 maunds of the best of luxuries.

He can atone in some measure for past errors, however, by giving us a full and true account of the navigability of the Jumna towards the Hills and within them.—*Delhi Gazette*, Oct. 12.

EXTRACT OF LETTERS FROM KURNAUL.

The country all round is suffering greatly from want of rain, indeed it is entirely dried up. The rain crops are extremely backward and extremely bad, I fear they will scarcely repay their own seed: consequently every thing is getting excessively dear, grain of every description has tripled its price within these last two months: if the cold weather crop is not a very good one we shall be in a bad way.

We have had some respite from thieves during the moonlight nights, but as the moon is now late in rising they have again commenced their operations in the early part of the night. Last night when at dinner a gentleman's family was alarmed by the voice of a woman screaming out "Choor! Choor!" at the very tip top of her lungs, which were by no means weak ones. He and a number of his servants rushed out and were guided to the scene of action by the sound of that organ which outlives all the other faculties of a woman. You may guess their astonishment when they found a poor old European woman sitting in a Rut, with the two bullocks standing loose on the middle of the road: on enquiry they found the old Lady, on her way to a Tea party, had been attacked by a gang of thieves, who, after having knocked down the driver and unloosed the Bullocks, were in the act of driving them off when they heard the gentleman coming, which obliged them to abandon their booty and take to their heels. The Bullocks were yoked again and the old Lady trotted off, but by no means in a very amiable humour, she being sadly puzzled to know the reason why they did not attempt to seize her in place of the Bullocks and seemed not a little indignant as their strange whimsey as she termed it: her honest simplicity blinding her to the fact, that an old wrinkled dame of nearly three scores was not quite so vendible an article as a pair of plump Bullocks. But I have every reason to believe the old Lady was a stranger at this place otherwise she would not have ventured abroad, even at that early hour, without being better protected. She would also have felt less mortification at the apparent want of gallantry in the thieves. She would have known that this is the commencement of the season when Rut and well Bullocks form the staple article of trade amongst those midnight Marauders.

A Bullock here, stolen out of the compound at night, is instantly handed over to the Butcher who, long before morning, bids defiance to recognition, and perhaps the first thing it's master sees in the morning is the Butcher's Basket in the verandah, containing the Ramp, Brisket, and Sirloin, of his own Bullock, and the worthy Butcher swearing by the beard of the prophet that he has fed it at least two years on gram. This is the manner in which our cattle are disposed of: I hope you have got more honest people at Delhi to deal with. I am quite sick of this den of thieves.—*Kurnaul*, 4th October, 1833. *Ibid*.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

TIMES, JULY 1. A ineffectual endeavour was made on Fri-

day evening in the House of Commons to adjourn the final settlement of the Bank question till next session. In the discussion which a motion with this object provoked, the strength of argument seemed to be on one side, and the strength of numbers on the other.

It was properly remarked that the secret inquiry of last year had been directed only to the discovery or exposure of facts on one side of the question; that the committee had professedly left its labours unfinished, with a promise of renewing them; and that a wide field of investigation was still left unexplored respecting the state of the country banks, and the advantages of joint stock banking companies. At the commencement of the present session, indeed, no proposition was made for renewing the committee, either by Government or by the Opposition, but at the same time nobody expected that so momentous a question would be left to be adjusted towards the very end of its deliberations without further inquiry and additional information. If we might judge from the usual diagnostics of decease, the present session is fast hastening to an end. The Speaker sometimes can scarcely count 40 noses to form a house, and often counts out a house because the original 40 will not attend. Business seems to have become hateful, as the country has become inviting,—legislation is thought an unsuitable occupation for the dog-days, and having talked for four or five months without acting, hon. members now begin to feel that it would be absurd to act without talking.

Meanwhile, the renewal of the Bank charter is not the only subject which presses urgently on the attention of Parliament. We have, besides, the settlement of the two Indiges on our hands, or, in other words, the arrangement of the relative position of Great Britain to her chief foreign dependencies. Suppose Parliament should declare itself *en permanence* (as the French call it) till they had settled all their present business, the Christmas recess would certainly be the first holidays to which they would be entitled.

In regard to the West India question, and several other questions of urgent interest, delay might be dangerous, but we can apprehend no bad consequences from an adjournment of the Bank charter settlement till further evidence can be collected, and a more uniform opinion established. In the mean time the resolutions of the noble Chancellor of the Exchequer might be spread over the country, and the policy of the Government might be discussed in all its bearings and effects on the circulation. The country bankers would thus have leisure to recover from their present alarm, and the public would have further opportunities of inquiring into their stability, utility, and safety; even the Bank itself would enjoy the advantage of surveying more accurately its ground, and, seeing the enormous gains which it is likely to obtain by an extension of the circulation, might be induced to allow the public to participate more extensively in its profits.

The discussion which took place on these topics on Friday night led to such a varied display of opinion,—produced such contradictory propositions and criticisms,—and manifested such hostile financial principles,—that it affords another reason for delay in the settlement of the question. To all these reasons for adjournment we may add, that the country can suffer nothing from it for another year, and that the Bank itself will probably gain by the postponement. The former suffers nothing at present from the state of the currency, and the latter would not find any of its exertions paralysed by a continuance of the uncertainty which it has endured for the last year, and which has produced no reduction of its dividend.

The gallant Colonel who introduced the discussion on the postponement, and who is himself an advocate for a "national bank," under which, probably, no gold coin could circulate, finds that the Bank is as likely to mismanage the circulation under its new system as under the old. This, of course, deserves serious investigation,—an investigation which cannot be completed in a few days or superseded by an individual authority. The gallant member tried to show that the fluctuations in the amount of Bank-notes were as striking since the new principle began to be acted upon in 1827, as before that time. The principle to which we allude is that which makes it necessary for the Bank to have in its cellars one-third of coin or bullion, to meet with two-thirds in securities, bearing interest, all its liabilities in deposits and issues of notes. Though no friend to the past management of the Bank, and altogether hostile to the present proposed arrangement, unless amended terms are obtained for the public, we think that the gallant member's objections on this point were more specious than solid, more captious than either forcible or original. He did not even act fairly by the Bank for, in order to show a great extent of fluctuation, he took the period when the Consol dividends are begun to be paid, and compared it with the period immediately before. Now, if he will look at the weekly statements of Bank issues for many years past, he will find that the payments of the dividends in July and January generally make a difference of about 3,000,000 in the amount of Bank-notes thrown into circulation between the beginning of these months and their close. This difference he took for fluctuation of Bank of England notes, while the same must have happened had coin been employed. Neither did he give fair play to the Bank itself. That rule supposes that the proportion of one third of coin or bullion, and two thirds of securities, to meet all liabilities in deposits or issues, is to be taken when the circulation is full, without overflowing, or, in other words, when the exchanges are at par. Thus, suppose the deposits in the Bank are 10,000,000, and its issues of notes 20,000,000, when the exchanges place us on a level with

tions as to the price of gold, then an unfavourable turn in the exchange by a scanty harvest of the export of bullion to pay for corn, might drain the Bank to the amount (say) of 5,000,000*l.* of gold. The public, acting on the Bank, would send in notes to obtain specie to that amount, and the circulation, supposing that there was no counteraction from other banks, would be diminished by 5,000,000*l.*; or, in other words, by the quantity of gold exported. There would then remain 10,000,000*l.* of deposits and 15,000,000*l.* of notes in circulation, to be answered only by the remaining 5,000,000*l.* of gold in the Bank cellars. Were the matter now to be adjusted as before, when the circulation was full, and the exchange at par, this 5,000,000*l.* would only sustain 15,000,000*l.* of liabilities, and as on our supposition the amount of the deposits remained unaltered at 10,000,000*l.*, the circulation of notes ought to be reduced to 5,000,000*l.*, which, being added to 10,000,000*l.*, would give 15,000,000*l.* to be secured by one-third, or 5,000,000*l.* of gold. But a less acute person than the gallant member might have seen that the proportion of two-third securities, and one-third bullion is only to be taken when the exchanges are at par,—that fluctuations above or below that ratio are necessarily supposed,—that the same thing would occur if nothing but a metallic circulation existed,—that by the public acting on the Bank the balance is adjusted, or tends to an adjustment, and that the export of the treasure of the Bank, which destroyed the proportions previously existing by its action on prices here and abroad, must restore the exchanges. The Bank is not supposed *always* to have one-third of its investments in bullion, except when the exchanges are at par. The only circumstance which complicates the question is the amount of deposits, and these being liable to little fluctuation for long periods, may be less regarded. Were it necessary to provide bullion against a demand for the payment of deposits, then the Scotch Banks, which are said to have more than 20,000,000*l.* of deposits, with only a circulation of 3,000,000*l.*, would be ruined by observing the proportion of one-third of dead stock in their coffers.—*Times* July, 1.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S SUBSCRIPTION.

The reader may possibly recollect the ardour with which Mr. Buckingham's friends came forward to subscribe a fund to enable him to carry into effect his grand plan of a commercial voyage round the world. The following is an extract of an article on this subject in a provincial paper :

"But we deeply lament to state that the subscription did not thrive. The cash did not come tumbling in so freely as was expected; and after the most extraordinary exertions the plan failed, because the stupid public would not bleed. Mr. Buckingham states the sad result of these exertions to be as follows:—

ACTUAL RESULT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION UP TO THE

PRESENT PERIOD.	
1. Total amount nominally subscribed for the voyage	2,238 4
2. Total expense of every kind incurred for the undertaking	697 5
3. Proportion of the subscribed amount actually paid	1,109 10
4. Proportion of the subscribed amount subsequently withdrawn	82 10
5. Proportion of the subscribed amount not paid at all	1,126 14
6. Nett sum available for the purchase of annuity	369 14
7. Amount of annuity which this sum will purchase	25 0

"It will be seen that the whole amount of the available sum is 369*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Buckingham is desirous, with a modesty that is truly becoming, that this sum should be diverted to the purchase of an annuity, which he calculates would reach about 25*l.* per annum during the remainder of his life. We are of the same opinion. The people of Sheffield must be anxious that their representative should have an independence of 25*l.* per annum. It would at least prevent the honourable member from becoming a burden on the parish. But we are not confident that his laudable desires can be gratified. Whig friends seem to hold a stiff hand upon the money. Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, Lord John, and others, decline parting with money; and Mr. Buckingham has been reduced to the forlorn necessity of publishing them to the world as defaulters. The following is the list which we publish for the amusement of our readers. It is as curious a document as we have chanced to see since the days of Colonel Wardle and Queen Caroline.—

Here follows a long list, including the follow-

Marquis of Anglesea	10	10	0.	Withdrawn
Lord Auckland	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Lord Chanccllor Brightham	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Duke of Bedford	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Sir Francis Burdett, M. P.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
H. Lytton Bulwer, M. P.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
George Birkbeck, M. D., and Company	11	11	0.	Withdrawn.
Alexander *Bannerman, M. P.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Lord William Cavendish	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Thomas William Coke	5	5	0.	Withdrawn.
Robert Otway Cave	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Nicholas Cooke	5	5	0.	Not paid.
John Durham	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Lord Chief Justice Denman	5	5	0.	Not paid.
General Sir John Doyle, Bart.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Colonel C. J. Loyle	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Earl Fitzwilliam	5	5	0.	Not paid.
General Sir Gerald Graham	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Captain Glasgow, R. N.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Charles Grant, M. P.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Isaac Lyon Goldsmid	5	5	0.	Not paid.
John Borthwick Gilchrist, L.L.D.	5	5	0.	Withdrawn
John Gordier	2	2	0.	Not paid.
Mrs. Gordon	1	1	0.	Withdrawn
Sir Alexander Johnston	5	5	0.	Not paid.
John Barker and Co.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
John Labouchere	5	5	0.	Withdrawn
Rev. Douglas Jardner, L. L. D.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Gideon Loftus	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Edw. Lloyd	5	5	0.	Not paid.
T. D. Lloyd	1	1	0.	Not paid.
Liverpool Mercury	2	2	0.	Not paid.
John Maxwell, M. P.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Captain Marriott, R. N.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Lord Nelson	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Duke of Portland	5	5	0.	Withdrawn
Duke of Devon	5	5	0.	Not paid.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Admiral Sir Sydney Smith.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Marquis of Sligo.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Sir John Sinclair. Bart.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Thomas Sturt.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Robert Sharpe.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Earl of Tankerville.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Thomas Thorneycroft.	5	5	0.	Not paid.
William Vazey. (Queen Caroline's Attorney.)	5	5	0.	Not paid.
Reverend Canon Wrangham.	2	2	0.	Not paid.
Samuel Walker.	1	1	0.	Not paid.

Abdon, June 10, 1

REPORT OF THE FACTORY COMMISSION.

The following extract from the above report presented to the House of Commons on Friday night, will give the substance of the commissioners' recommended restrictions upon infant labour :—

“The restrictions we venture to propose with regard to children are, that children under 9 years of age shall not be employed in mills or factories, subject, however, to the considerations herein-after stated. That, until the commencement of the 14th year, the hours of labour during any one day shall not in any case exceed eight. That until the commencement of the 14th year, children shall not in any case be allowed to work at night—that is to say, between the hours of 10 o'clock at night, and 5 in the morning.”

"The grounds on which we recommend the above restriction on hours of labour to be limited to the commencement of the 14th year are—1. That at that age the period of childhood, properly so called, ceases, and that of puberty is established, when the body becomes more capable of enduring protracted labour. It appears in evidence, from the statements and depositions of all classes of witnesses, including the young persons themselves, that the same labour which was fatiguing and exhausting at an earlier period is, in general, comparatively easy after the age in question. 2. That from the comparative infrequency with which serious and permanent disease appears to have been produced when labour did not commence before the 9th year, and was not immoderate, there is reason to conclude that the restriction now suggested will afford an adequate protection. 3. That in general at or about the 14th year, young persons are no longer treated as children: they are not usually chastised by corporal punishment, and at the same time, an important change takes place in what may be termed their domestic condition. For the most part they cease to be under the complete control of their parents and guardians. They begin to retain a part of their wages. They frequently pay for their own lodging, board and clothing. They usually make their own contracts, and are, in the proper sense of the words, free agents. For all these reasons we conceive that this is the natural period when young persons may be placed on the same footing as adults, as far as regards the disposal of their labour."

“ In proposing the foregoing limitation of the labour of children, we admit that while a certain proportion of those who have passed the prescribed age advantageously share in the benefits of restriction, a certain proportion of those who are included in that restriction may, without injury, work longer hours. Cases of this kind, however, being cases of exception, do not appear to come within any general measure of legislation. The grounds on which we abstain from recommending more than one limit, are the facilities which every additional restriction would afford to fraud and evasion; and the impossibility, according to the evidence, of employing three sets of hands with different limitations. The nearer the approximation of the hours of one set to the hours of another, the greater would be the facilities and temptations of the lower set to run into the working hours of the higher set. If the usual working hours of the adults were eleven and a-half or twelve hours daily, the inconveniences of another set ceasing to work at the end of the tenth hour would be so considerable that they would go on working to the twelfth. If we suppose three sets of hands employed in a factory, one of which should be restricted to eight, a second to ten, and a third to twelve hours' work, the eight hours set would be apt to run to ten hours, and the ten to twelve. Moreover, whatever may be the objections on the part of the manufacturers to double sets, would apply with increased force to three sets.

“ The great evil of the manufacturing system as at present conducted, has appeared to us to be that it entails the necessity of continuing the labour of children to the utmost length of that of the adults. The only remedy for this evil, short of a limitation of the labour of adults which would in our opinion create an evil greater than that which is sought to be remedied, appears to be the plan of working double sets of children. To this plan there have been intimated to us great objections on the part both of masters and of workmen—on the part of the masters, because it will be attended with inconvenience, and somewhat higher wages ; on the part of the workmen for various reasons—1st, because when working by the piece increased expense in hiring or increased trouble in teaching children will necessarily diminish their net earnings, 2d, because by a more general limitation to ten hours they expect to get twelve hours' wages for less work ; 3d, because the reduction to half wages or little more of the children reduced to six or eight hours' work must necessarily in so far tend to reduce the earnings, and consequently the comforts of the family.

There can be no doubt, from the whole tenor of the evidence before us, that the plan of double sets will be productive of more or less inconvenience and expense to the manufacturer. It has appeared to us, however, that the same objections must attach more or less to any change in the present modes of working; but

we consider the object aimed at by the working of double sets—namely, that of counteracting the tendency to an undue employment of infant labour—to be such as more than compensates for the sacrifice to be made in attaining it; and no other mode of effectually accomplishing that most desirable object has occurred to us likely to be attended with so little evil or suffering as that which we have ventured to recommend.

“The suggestion of the plad of double sets by some of the most considerable manufacturers, and the acquiescence in it, reluctant though it be, by others, appear to us to afford a guarantee of its practicability.”—*Times*, July 1.

THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

WHEN the present Speaker was reelected, he particularly dwelt, in his inauguration speech, on the information respecting the forms of the House of Commons which he should be happy to afford to new members. The Speaker, in fact, is a sort of drill-sergeant to the Parliamentary awkward squad, who are continually falling out of the ranks, and mistaking the word of command. Every week much time is consumed by debates on points of order; and Committees are not unfrequently formed to look for precedents which nowhere exist. It is inconceivable how such a state of things can have been so long suffered to remain without even an attempt to mend it. The extreme personal inconvenience which it must occasion to so many members, one would suppose, ought to be sufficient to induce them to apply a remedy to the evil, by immediately ordering a manual of the forms of the House to be prepared, to which all might refer. On Monday night, Mr. HUME produced a manual of this description, which had been compiled for the use of the American Congress from *Hatsell's Precedents*, and other books of authority in the British House of Commons. There the members had presented to them, in a convenient form, all the necessary rules, which at present they are obliged to hunt for among Heaven knows how many cumbrous folios. But were they thankful to Mr. HUME for thus putting them in the way of economizing their time, patience, and eyesight? No such thing: the force of prejudice is so strong in the British House of Commons, that they treated with a visible contempt the idea of receiving any thing in the shape of instruction from America; and Mr. HUME desisted from pressing the subject on their consideration. Yet this book was merely a methodized compilation of their own forms. With what propriety can they complain of the laborious attendance necessary to get through Parliamentary business, when they obstinately and contemptuously reject every attempt to simplify and shorten their proceedings? Why should we disdain to learn something from America, who gets every thing she can

DREADFUL ATTEMPT AT MURDER AND SUICIDE AT HAMMERSMITH.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock on Friday night considerable alarm was excited among the inhabitants of St. Alban's-place, Hammersmith, by a young man, named Charles Reynold, discharging a pistol at the head of a female, named Sarah Parry, of between 19 and 20 years of age, and afterwards attempting to destroy himself by the same means. The following are, we believe, correct particulars of the tragedy:—It appears that Reynolds and the female, Parry, lived together in the family of Dr. Wetherell, at Hampstead, the former as footman, and the latter as housemaid. It was shortly observed that they became attached to each other, and as nothing improper was expected to result from the attention which Reynolds exhibited towards the young woman, we believe the family placed no obstacle in their way, but allowed them to continue their Courtship. Several months rolled on in this manner; at length there appeared considerable anxiety and agitation in both parties, but the actual cause could not be devised; it, however, ended in the discharge of Reynolds and Parry, about six weeks since, from Dr. Wetherell's service. The female then went to reside at her sister's, Mrs. Davis, No. 2, St. Alban's-place, Hammersmith, and the young man at No. 2, Norfolk-street, Islington. That they occasionally met each other subsequently to their leaving their situations is beyond question, and their repeated interviews evidently tended, from some cause which preyed upon both their minds, to hasten the melancholy transactions which we are now about to record. On Friday Reynolds visited Hammersmith, and was observed by Mrs. Davis to be exceedingly dejected. He paced about in front of the house before he entered, when he asked if Sarah was at home? An answer in the affirmative was given. He then entered the kitchen, and produced three pistols, at the same time saying there was one for each of them. In an instant after he presented one at the head of the young woman Parry, who raised her hands, and shrieked for assistance. He fired, and the contents, an iron slug, perforated her neck, and shattered the fore finger of her left hand, which was placed near the spot at the time. She immediately fell to the ground, the blood flowing from the wound most copiously. Mrs. Davis escaped, and some men, who had been attending a sale of furniture in the house that day, hearing the report of fire-arms, ran to the spot, and discovered the unfortunate woman lying near the feet of Reynolds, who was himself in the act of placing the muzzle of another pistol to his head. One of the workmen rushed forward, and attempted to arrest his arms, but before he could succeed in doing so, Reynolds pulled the trigger, when the contents of the pistol passed in a slanting direction upwards, through the corner of the right temple: finding that the pistol

had not taken the desired effect, Reynolds rushed up stairs into the third floor, and actually threw himself out of the window into the yard below. In an instant, surprising as it may appear, he was on his legs again, and climbed a wall to the roof of an outhouse, where he became exhausted, and was taken. Surgical aid was prompt in attendance, and the wounds of both parties were dressed, after which they were conveyed in a coach to St. George's Hospital, where the finger of the female was amputated. The police took charge of the papers, &c., found on Reynolds, and a policeman was left at the hospital to look after him, in case he might attempt to escape. A letter and other papers were found on Reynolds, of which the following are literal copies:—

are literal copies:—

"Deer Father,—Threw the dreadful character that Sarah gave too you about me I felt convinced that I never should be in your eyes what I was before, therefore I never should feel happy in this world when hated by my parents. I thus own how I was connected with Sarah Parry; the wretched woman wanted to do me all the injury she could, all threw her knowing how she was to be herself. She was the mother and the murderer of her own child. That I of course was connected in, for I was the burayer of it. I screened her in every way I could, for I nor she never was happy after that dreadful time—it was some time ago—nobody ever knew of it but our two selves; and after that I persuaded her not to let her hands commit any more crimes, but she did, and would have transported me. I pointed out that and other crimes we had committed. A few nights after that she made an attempt to commit suicide—she had got a rope and other things; I watched her and took those things from her, and made her promise me not to think of such a thing, and she did not. I took good care of that; it is some time ago; and the time I was missing from my bed at Mr. Wetherell's was threw a similar occurrence. I never got in disgrace at Wetherell's but when threw her, all through that ungrateful wretch. Look at the thanks I had for it—she never could have been wright, or she never would have made that fool of herself. When I first came home I ad made up my mind to tell all against her. I told my father I could injure her very much, but he told me he should think me a bad child if I should say anything against Sarah. Then I said, what was I to do? He told me to return good for evil—to suffer her to send me out of my native country, or go as a sailor, after I paid her all she demanded, or he should hate me for ever if I injured her; and I never told him or anybody anything about her. I never could suffer her to do as she liked. The night she and me walked together along Islington I told her of what awful crimes had been committed. She entreated of me not to say a word. She said she would rather expire any how than by public justice. I told her she ought to think of me at that time. She said she was persuaded so to do, as I had told her before my father and her sister I would never say a word. She said she should fear me, she would put an end to her existence, or rather I would shoot her rather than say a word about anything. She never would tell her sister or anybody—she would of murdered herself—everybody would of said I was the cause of it—rather than live in this after her death as I had lived with her, I would dye as I have dyed with Sarah—for I still have a gratification in knowing that I did my best for her—I hope we both share the same fate, for in life and death I was with Sarah Parry—I felt that I ought to acknowledge some of my own guilt in the hour of death."

There was no signature to the above, nor was it addressed to any person.

The following was addressed to Mrs. Davis, and found among the other papers :—

"Mrs. Davis,—Do not expose those papers in the red pocket-book, for it is trew by Heavens, too trew. Sarah was the first to prepare for death and the first to flinch from it. I was to far ashamed of her and myself. I made one attempt the Almighty said not one without the other.

“ Behold in your unconscious grove
 “ The victims of ill-fated love
 “ Heard you that agonizing throe
 “ Sure this is not romantic love
 “ The golden day of joy is o’er
 “ And now we part to meet no more.

“What I have stated in these lines is true so help my God. In my dying hour I call God to witness and I hope God will forgive S. P. and C. R.”—*Times*, July 1.

THE SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH.

Stands a good chance of becoming a popular work. It certainly has all the elements which usually go to please in a book of travels; and if any thing interferes with its success, it must be the greater number of books that have lately appeared respecting the United States and other parts of America. At any rate, this is a very creditable mode of employing the leisure time of a Subaltern's furlough. Our Military and Naval officers have lately shown an activity and a talent highly creditable to the United Service: amongst the more respectable contributions to our information and amusement from that quarter, Mr. Coke's book will be surely reckoned. There is also some novelty in the route. Though at first Mr. Coke adheres to the well-beaten track of Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Boston, he afterwards visits a portion of the Eastern States rarely described, — the White Mountains in New Hampshire, — he gives some very picturesque sketches. In travelling he does not much deviate from the usual route; but on quitting New Brunswick he visits a considerable number of places not usually visited, not

Mr. Coke we like for his good-humour, his plainness, and general intelligence. He is neither so sprightly nor so ambitious as Captain Alexander; but he is a scarcely less pleasing companion; and both, we are glad to see, are animated by a spirit of benevolence and forbearance, characteristic of the man of education and good-breeding. In neither book is there any thing which would fairly offend the American, while there is no affectation or cant on the other hand. American manners are freely described; and if they sometimes raise a laugh, the compliment is returned by the Jonathan in England. Both this book and that of Captain Alexander altogether confirm the statements of Mr. Stuart's book; but the military men differ widely from that gentleman in the character of the object that attract their observation. Mr. Coke passes rapidly from place to place, and does not pretend to gather deeper than the surface: the same may be said for the author of *Transatlantic Sketches*: while Mr. Stuart seems almost destitute of the faculty of discerning the external colouring of things; and, in his anxiety to get at facts of sterling importance, seems to have been utterly regardless of the garb in which his informants might appear.

Even Mr. STUART cried out against the nasty habits of smoking and chewing tobacco; and it must be very bad when he permits his senses to be offended. This, and a lamentable deficiency in the construction of the hotels, which we shall not particularize, are, we believe, the only complaints he makes against the Union,—always excepting the great plague spot of slavery, which comes under a different category. Mr. Coke follows in Mr. Stuart's wake on the subject of tobacco-chewing; on which topic the most opposite travellers agree; Mr. Stuart going hand in hand with Mrs. Trollope, and Mr. Coke joining chorus with Captain Basil Hall.

The intolerable habit of chewing tobacco is very prevalent amongst the store-keeper, and lower grades of society, but I think it is almost confined to them; the very act of mastication itself (tremendously as it is here performed) is not half so offensive to the eyes of a foreigner as the results arising from it. In a country, however, where there is ostensibly no distinctive gradation of classes in the people, one must of necessity sometimes, as on board steamers and canal boats, mix with the *caville*; but I will bear witness that I never even then observed any impropriety, or, during the whole time I was in America, received the slightest insult from (what I will term) the lower orders, and to which individuals, and especially foreigners, are so subject in my native country.

Mr. COKE found the American audiences at the theatres greatly enjoying the allusions against England; and they were pretty numerous. This we take to be a fairer test of the real national feeling than the assurances made to amiable travellers by individuals.

Like Mr. STUART, and all other readers of American newspapers, Mr. Coke was struck by the wonderful familiarity of the American advertisements. He gives this curious specimen—

Printers were cautioned against a swindler, who was thus described:—"He stole his trunk, &c. out of my house last night, and he has gone away without paying the tailor's bill, or his board bill. Said Rogers is about twenty-three years of age, has red hair, fair skin, and a large hoarse mouth; the upper teeth jutting over very much. He plays the flute, and makes some pretensions as a poet! but it is easy to see that he is a plagiarist. It is presumed that editors interested for the character of the trade, will give the above a few insertions."

"3 times. "JOHN CROMWELL." This is as much beyond the limits of our advertising eloquence as Mr. Stuart's autobiographical tale.

On the subject of the Volunteers, Mr. Coke is not a little amusing; and he will have it that he is telling truth. If he does not exaggerate, then Mathews, in his Volunteer song, fell far below the reality. As to the practice of companies paying visits to each other, sometimes at the distance of three or four hundred miles, it has points to recommend it; but the costume and the discipline exceed all caricature. And Mr. Coke cannot be far wrong, for one of the gentlemen Volunteers has published his own description.

Some poor man, however, had a greater martinet for a Captain than is generally the case, and was ordered to parade to change his dress, and return properly equipped, "which order (to use the man's own words) he considered 'un-military and illegal, and therefore respectfully declined to obey.' For this act of insubordination he was tried by a court-martial, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, and, in default thereof, to be imprisoned. He chose the latter alternative; and from his place of confinement addressed a letter to the public, in which after a statement of his case, he thus describes his dress:—"It was proved to the Court that my equipments were strictly according to law—that I had an ordinary powder-horn, but which the Captain stated to be too large for a musket—that my dress was as follows:—A gentleman's ordinary hair-cloth cap—a pair of common spectacles—an ordinary gray mixed cloth cloak, which I usually wore in the store in which I should say was) a clerk—a paper collar of a linen or cotton one, and of the usual size, and no larger—a common pair of brown drill pantaloons, tied over instead of under the string. The pantaloons were worth five dollars, which, considering the price of the cloth, was a very good bargain. I have extorted my money from the soldiers, and, when they

ther legally or not may hereafter appear; for I consider it virtually a lawless and ruthless violation, not only of my own, but of the personal rights and personal liberty of every citizen of this State.

The Volunteer corps are in fact joined by young men to avoid the Militia draft; and they seem to turn the service into a force for the amusement of themselves and others.

The officers are elected. The following is a common advertisement. Such is the force of habit, we cannot read it without a smile: it is, however, in harmony with all the institutions of the country.

"JACKSON GUARDS—Attention!—You will parade, completely equipped, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in front of the Napoleon House: each man provided with thirteen rounds of blank cartridge. After parade, an election will take place for one lieutenant-colonel and one captain."

Mr. STUART has but very faintly described a competition for Bank Stock which he witnessed. Mr. Coke accidentally fell upon a scene which is not to be paralleled in the world. It took place in the quiet city of Philadelphia.

The manner in which it was disposed of was as follows: the sellers were in a house, with a small aperture in a window-shutter, only sufficiently large to admit a man's hand, and through which he delivered his money; but having received his scrip, after a lapse of some time, it was impossible for him to withdraw through the crowd of purchasers; no one would make way, lest he should thereby lose his chance of ever gaining the window. The only plan then was, that one of his friends threw him the end of a rope, which he fastened round his body, and part of the mob, who came as mere lookers-on, dragged him out by main strength, frequently with the loss of the better half of his apparel. Many had, however, come prepared for the worst, by leaving their coats, shirts, and hats, at home. It was here that the strongest went to the wall, and various were the schemes adopted to keep possession. One fellow had very knowingly brought a gilet with him, and boring it into the shutter, held on with one hand, while he fought most manfully with the other! A bystander told me that a large party had leagued together for mutual support, and taken possession of the window the preceding evening; but that a stronger one attacked them in the morning and drove them from their position, though not without several heads, arms, and legs, being broken in the affray. It appeared, therefore, that the only chance a peaceable citizen had of obtaining any stock was to hire the greater bully he could find to fight his battles for him. This scene continued throughout three days; and, besides many severe and dangerous wounds which were inflicted in the contest, one man was killed. In consequence, however, of this and similar disturbances, meetings of respectable citizens were held, to devise means to prevent a recurrence of them on like occasions; and, as an additional proof that they were ashamed of those proceedings, one of them expressed a hope "that I had not witnessed a sale of Bank Stock."

In the description of Philadelphia, a good account is to be met with of Mr. Girard's magnificent but very singular bequests. The citizens are already beginning to build the college, into which "no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever, is ever to enter, even as a visitor."

Mr. Coke describes with some humour the difficulty he found in steering his way among the geometrical streets of Philadelphia.

It puzzled me a good deal at first; for, if I asked any one the way to such a place, the answer was invariably some such as "Go four squares higher up, and you will find it on the west side of north thirteenth, next to Sassafraz."

"Thank you," said I, "for the information—west side of north thirteenth, next to Sassafraz!" how concise! I had then to box the compass; and after a quarter of an hour's hot walking, began to despair of finding the spot; so, inquiring again, would discover that I was not to search for hollow squares; but that, if I returned I should find the place on the west side of north thirteenth, next to Race—"next to Race! why I was told but a few minutes since that it was next to Sassafraz." "Well, but they are the same, I guess; only Sassafraz is rather too long a name." So running down the longitude of the city again, until I gained the required of 13 north, I bore direct down the street, and soon arrived at my destination.

The squares are not, as with us, open spaces, but square blocks of edifices. Mr. Coke is wrong about the Penitentiary of Philadelphia: the horror he expresses of its practice arises from his ignorance of its mode of working. Visitors are not admitted; consequently he did not go over it, and has been led away by mere sentiment. Auburn he subsequently saw, and has given an excellent account of that admirable institution.

As our traveller was proceeding to Alexandria, in crossing the Blue Ridge (in Virginia believe), the driver conversed with him, in the style which offends some, excites the ridicule of others, but has the effect of filling us with satisfaction at the idea that there is a land in which men seem to be perfectly easy on the score of substance, and perfectly independent in all their (innocent) movements.

While praising the appearance of the cultivated and highly fertile vale lying between the ridge and the North mountains to him, he remarked that, "for his part, he preferred the hills, and should like to live upon them for some time; for he was fond of hunting, and intended quitting his present work, so that he might get some hounds, with a good horse, and have some sport; there was also plenty of gunning on the mountain's side."

Mr. COKE was in America when the arrival of the Cholera was expected; and he stayed, some time after its ravages had commenced. His description of the consternation of all classes, implies a low degree of moral courage in the people. The effect of the early cases on the population of the great towns, can only be compared to the confusion caused by kicking down an ant-hill. The arrival of another affliction produced a sensation almost as intense, though not quite so disagreeable: this was neither more nor less than Mrs. Trollope's book. Nothing was heard but "Have you read Mrs. Trollope?" the book was in everybody's hand; at tables d'hôte, about steam-boats, Mrs. Trollope was the engrossing subject of conversation, where the Cholera had not already taken possession. All agreed that the book was written by Captain Hall. In some respects Mrs. Trollope's gossip is likely to have a good effect: the old woman stands a chance of being the Chesterfield of Yankee manners.

When Miss Kemble made her first appearance at the Park Theatre, in New York, the house was crowded to excess; and a gentleman in the boxes, turning round between the acts of the play to speak to some one who sat in the bench behind him, displayed rather more of his back to the pit than was thought quite orthodox. This was sooner observed than a low murmur arose amongst the insulated part of the audience, which presently broke forth into loud cries of "Trollope!" "Trollope!" "turn him out," "throw him over," &c., and continued for several minutes, accompanied with the most discordant noises, until the offending person assumed a less objectionable position.

Mr. COKE bears his testimony to the good-humour of our Transatlantic brethren—to their freedom from offence; and, a little roughness of manner allowed, for he seems to think that, in the matter of civility and good-breeding (always excepting the weed, and its results,) the two countries are pretty much on a par.

THE COUNT CHABERT.

SECTION III.—The two Visits.

(Continued from the Courier of 21st Sept.) About four months after the nocturnal consultation of Colonel Chabert with the solicitor, the notary charged with the payment of the half-pay accorded by M. Derville to his client came to the office of the former, for the purpose of reclaiming six hundred francs disbursed to the old soldier. "You support members of this Bonaparte army, it seems," said the notary, smiling. "Thank you, my worthy preceptor," answered Derville, "for reminding me of it. I have only twenty-five louis' worth of philanthropy, and fear being the dupes of my patriotism."

Just as Derville concluded this phrase, he observed the letters which his head-clerk had laid upon the table, and was struck with the sight of the oblong, square, triangular, red and blue stamps that adorned a letter arrived through the Prussian, and Austrian and Bavarian post-offices. However, here is the *disengagement* of the comely. He seized the letter, opened it, but it was written in German. "Boucard!" The head-clerk appeared. "Go yourself to get this letter translated, and be back as quickly as possible."

The Barthelemy, to whom Derville had addressed himself, announced that the public acts he desired would reach him in a few days after this, his letter of advice; that all the documents were quite regular, and bore all the legalizations necessary. Further, he acquainted him that there existed at Preuss-Eylan several witnesses to the facts consigned to the *procès verbal*, and amongst others, the woman to whom Colonel Chabert owed his life. "This becomes serious," exclaimed Derville. Then looking at the first receipt given by the colonel to the notary, in order to see where the veteran lodged, he resolved to go to him at once, and announce the arrival of the documents.

Count Chabert lived in the Rue d'Orleans Saint Marcel, where he inhabited one of those kind of dens which are yet to be found in the faubourgs of Paris. It was a crazy house, small and very narrow, which had been built with the ruins of fallen dwellings; a dealer in pigs and poultry occupied the whole of it. The yard was filled with dung, and paraded by coquetting hens; there were two pigsties, in which the sows wallowed at their ease; and the rabbits confined to their hutches increased their families under the protection of a rusty wire-work. The aspect of this court-yard, seen from a crazy door, formed one of those Parisian views of which nothing can convey a notion to the foreigner or the provincial. One must have personally studied those attenuated trees, those tall vines that seek the air, like prisoners seated at their barred windows; admired the battered vases of tin—the pacific horse, whose race is only to be found in the outskirts of Paris—the rags that have served to dry the milk-pans, and which were, in their turn, drying themselves in the sun—then the brats of the Faubourg fixed to the door, like creepers, the lizard colour of the walls, and the dislocated hinges on which the doors swung;—all this must be contemplated in order to appreciate the poetry peculiar to these Parisian landscapes. Strange scenes! as if forming the strongest contrast with the exhibition of luxury, of debauch, and of the fantastic fabrication that lurk in the sombre streets of the *Plâtre St. Avoie*, *Ogniad*, &c.

The solicitor had some difficulty in finding his client, for the house had been left to the safeguard of three careless boys. One of these, mounted upon an overcharged hay-cart, was throwing stones down the chimney of the next house, hoping they might do some mischief; a second was tormenting a pig; and the third lay upon the straw, rolling about like an animal at liberty.

On M. Derville's asking them where M. Chabert lodged, they all looked at him with an air of stupid cleverness, if the expression be allowable, but made no answer. M. Derville repeated his inquiry very politely, but the slang air of the imps provoked him to use those playful terms of abuse that young people commonly address to children.

The arching of Derville became louder, the colonel heard it, and came forth from a small room between the dairy and the chamber, inhabited probably by the pig-keeper and his wife. The soldier came forward with an inexpressible military phlegm to the threshold of his door; in his mouth was one of those pipes nobly "bottomed" (such is the technical term of smokers,) one of the humble gypsies usually called "scorch-muzzel." He lifted the peak of a frightfully greasy cap, and seeing the

lawyer, crossed the dunghill to accost him; then displaying his wigless skull cried good-humouredly to the infant rabble, "Silence in the ranks!" The boys maintained the respectful silence, which announced the power the old soldier had acquired over them. "Why have you not written to me?" said he to M. Derville. "Go by the walk, there is a paved way," he observed, on perceiving the indecision of his adviser, who appeared not to like wetting his feet in the dung.

By leaping from one clear spot to another, Derville arrived at the door from which the colonel had issued, but poor Chabert seemed painfully affected at receiving his solicitor in such a chamber; indeed, Derville could discern but one chair. The colonel's bed was made up of some trusses of hay, to which the kindness of his hostess had superadded two or three of those remnants of carpeting with which the milk people adorn their cart seats. The flooring was simply of hardened clay, strewn with clean straw. As the crystallized wall, green and cracked as they were, necessarily diffused the damp, the partition against which the colonel slept was lined with a straw mat. The celebrated great coat hung by a nail, two pair of old boots lay in a corner, no vestige of linen; but on the table were spread out the bulletins of the *grande armée*, reprinted by Plancher.

The physiognomy of the colonel was calm and serene; the hopes he had conceived since his visit to M. Derville, and which still appeared to sustain him, had changed the character of his features. He was not so old nor so broken, and had better health. "Does the tobacco smoke incommode you?" he asked, offering at the same time a straw-bottomed chair in a very decayed state. "No," answered Derville; "but, colonel, you are shockingly ill off here."

This phrase was drawn from Derville by two painful reflections which crossed his mind—reflections dictated, no doubt, by the mistrust natural to solicitors, from the sad experience they early acquire at the moral combat they witness. "Here," thought Derville, "is a man who has doubtless employed my money to satisfy the theological virtues of old campaigners—gaming, drinking, and—Why, there certainly is no luxury here; it's a cool kind of bygone, but—Here the soldier cast an earnest look at the man of law, "Bar," he continued, "I have never wronged any one, never repulsed a fellow-creature, and I sleep tranquilly."

Thinking it would be indelicate to ask his client for any account of the manner in which he had spent the money advanced to him, M. Derville added, "You would not come to Paris, though you might live much cheaper there, for in the centre there are resources." "You are right there, too," answered the colonel; "but these poor people had sheltered and supported me for a whole year. The father of these boys is an old Egyptian, who has seen the Pyramids. I've not yet finished teaching them to read, and it would be ungrateful to go away, and leave them half instructed." "He might, however, have lodged you better for your money." "Bah! the children also sleep upon straw. He and his wife have none of the best of couches; they're badly off, you know. This establishment is above their means; but if I recover my fortune—say nothing." "Colonel, I shall receive the papers from Heilsbergh tomorrow or next day. I have excellent news: your liberality is still alive." "Curse money!—and then to think that I have none." He threw down his pipe—the precious "bottomed" pipe,—but then it was by a movement so natural, so generous. "Colonel, I have deeply reflected upon your affair, and am convinced that compromise will be a much safer course than any action to recover; therefore I shall see the Countess Ferraud to-day, but I would not take such a step without appraising you." "Let us go together to her." "No," said the advocate; "you might lose your suite. Recollect that the point upon which your case rests is of no contemplated by the code. It can only be decided upon by a jury as a case of conscience, and you will have to bear up against your wife and her husband, both of whom have influence that may prevail with the tribunals. The cause has the elements of duration; they will discuss your documents; there will be a few preliminary questions, which being traversed, must be sent up to the supreme court. They will award you a subsistence, *pensée de vie*, this process will wear you out." "Misfortune has not destroyed me," answered the colonel; "but go to my wife—I confide in you." Upon this Colonel Chabert accompanied M. Derville to the street door.

The solicitor had scarcely gone ten yards towards his cabriolet, when a man in the dress of a pig-dealer accosted him. "You are a relation of Colonel Chabert, I suppose, sir, and I should like to propose something for him. We took him in formerly when he was dying of hunger; my wife and I established now, and we bought our stock, but we had not a sous; but with thrift, sir, I was able to pay. So I signed promissory to the man that sold the concern to me, and, of them, for six hundred francs, was due to me ago; and when I took the colonel, I told him all we could do was to give him bread and milk—we have nothing else for ourselves. So then he told us he'd be rich one day or other, and then he'd remember us for his board and lodging. It seems you have advanced him money on account of his fortune. Well, sir, he came to know, through some of the neighbours, that we had not the first sous of the note's amount, and the old growler, without saying a word, put together all he had got from you, lay in wait for the note, and brought it to me, paid. Well, my wife and I knowing that he had not the money to buy himself tobacco, and that he felt the want of that more than any thing besides, we were cruelly hurt at it; so I want to ask you to lend us a hundred crowns upon our establishment, since they say you are a kind man, that we may buy him clothes and furnish his room, for the old man has put us in his debt, and vexes us. This not for the matter of two cups of cream and a piece of bread, for we give that with all our hearts, d'ye see; nor it isn't the rent of his room that can make up six hundred francs. This is what frustrates us. So as I'm an honest man, and as sure as my name's Louis Verniaud, I would sooner enlist than not repay you the money I ask for."

Derville stated at the sow-keeper, and drew back a couple of paces to contemplate once more the house, the dung, the cow-stall, the rabbits, and the children; and a thousand thoughts passed his mind. "You get tipsy sometimes, my friend?" "Why yes, sir, now and then; one wants to be a little merry." "—I'm glad of that. Well, you shall have your hundred crowns and more too, but it will not be from me. The colonel will soon be rich enough to help you, and I will not deprive him of the pleasure of doing so." "Will it be soon?" "I believe so." "Ah! I'm

"The French soldiers of the old army used to call such of their comrades as had seen the Pyramids, Egyptian

very much pleased at that, for his sake." The tanned face of the wine educator seemed to expand.

The Count Ferraud lived in the Rue de Varennes, and inhabited one of the handsomest hotels of the Faubourg Saint Germain. From a simple *maitre des requêtes* under Napoleon, the count owed the good graces of the chief to the name he bore, and to the merit he really possessed; but under the restoration political fortunes augmented rapidly.

He had followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent. At the second return he possessed great influence in the privy council, of which he was a member, and appeared promised to the Chamber of Peers, or to a seat in the cabinet. Further, not more than four-and-thirty, with agreeable manners, a good person, and full of grace and elegance, he could scarcely fail to please; and when he married the widow of Colonel Chabert, the coteries were not astonished at it. M. de Ferraud was not rich at the time, but he was of an old parliamentary family, which was also well connected; and the royal ordinance, cited in the long clerical phrase at the commencement of this tale, having restored him two fortunes, Madame de Ferraud found that she had, by good luck, contracted a marriage of inclination and of interest at the same time.

The countess was young, handsome, rich, and amiable, but spoiled by adulation and the habit of ruling supreme. She played the part of a woman of fashion, and breathed an atmosphere of luxury, splendour, and recklessness, where fêtes, concerts, and assiduities made a superficial life, exempt from reflections—a life of whirlwind. She loved her children by *ton*, by caprice, but she was not a mother to them; and if she was constant to the lover who had become her husband, it was that he fortunately flattered her vanity still. He was handsome, a man in power, and in love, and again, virtue and a mass at St. Thomas Aquinas were then the mode. The countess was like many other fair Parisians whose hearts are not wholly divested of good feelings, but whose education, flattery, and the life passed in drawing-rooms, have rendered pert, frivolous, unthinking, headstrong. Assuming on the strength of their beauty, haughty and eager for amusements.

Thus Colonel Chabert's wife, rich through his means, found he self, as it were, at the top of society, and in the lap of luxury, while the poor old soldier lived between the dung of a court-yard, the birds and beasts that perambulated, and the pig-drover who owned it. This reflection would have been made by a Kamschatkan, but Derville formulated it *Pensivement*, in saying, "The moral of this is, that a pretty woman would not ever choose to recognize her lover in a man covered by an old great coat, wearing, too, a wig, and whose boots let the water flow through them."

M. Derville was received by the countess in a handsome winter dining-room, where she was at breakfast, playing with a monkey attached by a chain to a small post. "Good morning, M. Derville," she said, continuing to give the monkey coffee. She was admirably dressed in a morning gown, the curls of her hair, negligently fastened, escaped from beneath a cap, which gave her an air of coquetry. She was elegant, fresh, and smiling. Silver-gilt and mother-of-pearl ornaments shone upon the table, and her abundance of scarce flowers in porcelain vases.

The lawyer smiled in contemplating this picture, but it was with a malicious, a biting smile; the expression, half philosopher, half sarcastic, which belongs sometimes to men placed so as to see things in their true light, who get to the bottom of affairs in spite of the fictions by which every family endeavours to mask its existence. The usurer, the attorney, and the physician, are, in the social order, the three high priests of truth. "Madam," said Derville, sharply, (for he felt offended at the slighting way in which the countess had said, "Good morning, M. Derville.") "I am come to speak with you upon a very serious matter." "I am very sorry, for that, but M. de Ferraud is not at home," said And I, madam, am extremely glad of it, for I should be sorry indeed that he were present at our conference. Listen, madam; few words will suffice to render you serious: Colonel Chabert is alive." She laughed immoderately. "And you pretend to make me serious by talking of such absurdities?" Yet the countess remained thunderstruck in presence of Derville, mastered by the lucidity of the look which continued to inquire, and seemed to read the recesses of her soul. "Madam," he answered with a cold and penetrating gravity, "you are ignorant of the extent of those dangers which menace you; and yet allow me to tell you, that the most simple certainty, the most irrefragable authenticity, certify the existence of the count. You will lose your process if you oppose our motion to set aside the certificate of his death, and your marriage will certainly be annulled. But it is not in these points that your shame and misfortune are comprehended: you derived your whole fortune from Colonel Chabert, and you did not love him. As to this, if the laws of marriage bound you to do so, the laws of the heart might have excused you. But it can be proved that he wrote to you long before the expiration of the term prescribed by the code for the interval between the death of a first husband and the re-marriage of his widow with a second.

"That is false!" she screamed, with all the violence of a *petite maîtresse*. "I never received a letter from Colonel Chabert; and if any body calls himself the colonel, it is an intruder, some liberated convict, like Coignard, perhaps. And *cerc*"

"Fortunately, madam, we are alone, and we may put ourselves at our ease. I will tell you, then, that the proof of your having received the first letter exists, for it contained remittances." "O, as to remittances, it has no"

The countess stopped short, sat down, blushed, grew pale, hid her face in her hands, and then shaking off her shame, "We will defend the suit, sir!" she said, with the *sang froid* which women only are capable of. "You are the solicitor for the pretended Chabert; do me the favour, therefore, only to speak to me professionally. Can the colonel re-appear, sir? Buonaparte sent an aide-de-camp to console me upon his death. I receive to this day pension of three thousand francs voted by the members to his widow. I have a thousand reasons for repulsing the Chaberts that have appeared, and those that may appear; and if a counterfeit Chabert wrote to me, what would that prove?"

"That you have received letters," rejoined the solicitor, "and that you married sooner than you ought to have done. We have the means of forcing from you some precious confidences, if we plead; but my wish is to spare you the scandal of so disagreeable a process, the shame of which may be avoided from you by a composition. Your children otherwise be bastardized, your character injured; you will wittingly have showered frights upon the head of your benefactor. What is not the world say? Advocates are very eloquent in themselves. There are sharpened pens can write most cutting memoirs, and those of Chabert would be appallingly so, and your name to the execration of

posterity. It is no longer in the power of any one to prevent the tribunals from taking cognizance of the matter, the acts of recognition in Paris. Would you know my sentiments, madam? Then upon my honour and conscience there have been wretched creatures executed justly on the Place de Grève, and yet much less culpable than you are. They committed murder through hunger, you have engendered nine years of unheard-of suffering for your husband, and that too, wilfully! Yes, madam, there were four letters written, and you saw Boutin."

The countess was annihilated. "I know not whether the colonel will come to a compromise, but I am sure he loves you still."

At this word the countess raised her head, and a gleam of hope flashed from her eyes. She perhaps speculated upon the affectionate weakness of her first husband. "I shall expect your orders, madam, to know whether to serve you with process, or if you will come unattended to me within three days, in order to settle the basis of a composition." And Derville left the room.

SECTION IV.—The Hospital for Old People.

Eight days after the two visits which M. Derville had paid, and on a fine morning in the month of June, the married couple who had been disunited by an almost supernatural accident, started from the two most opposite points of Paris, to meet each other at the chambers of their common law agent.

Colonel Chabert, thanks to the advances largely made to him by Derville, was dressed in a manner becoming his station, and arrived in a cabriolet. Newly shaved, and with a wig suited to his features, a blue coat, new boots, clean linen, and at his button-hole a gold clasp, from which miniature crosses of his orders hung, so that the old soldier seemed to have recovered his former habits of military elegance. He held himself erect, his face looked younger, and he was no more like the Chabert in the old great coat than a double sous is like a newly coined piece of forty francs.

At the first sight it was easy to recognize him as one of the noble ruins of our old army, one of those brave men upon whom the glory of our nation beams, and who show it as a broken icicle, which seems to reflect the sun that shines on it. These old soldiers are at once the pictures and the books of their age. His handsome face, grave and mysterious, seemed better conditioned, of greater "breadth," to borrow the pictorial phrase. His features expressed joy in its fullest hopes; and when he stepped out of his carriage at Derville's, he sprung up the stairs as a young man would have done.

The cabriolet had scarcely landed him at his solicitor's, when a handsome chariot, covered with armorial bearings, stopped at the same door. The Countess Ferraud alighted from it in all the freshness of a *toilette*, which, though simple, was admirably calculated to set off her figure. She wore a *capotte* lined with pink, and which, by softening the outlines, lent her all the attractions of youth.

There was something at once dramatic and ridiculous in this *rencontre*. It would have been still more picturesque if the legitimate husband had been clothed in the livery of misery; but the two attempts to appear younger had their merit. What a scene for the gloomy chambers of the lawyer!

The clerks first introduced the colonel then Madame de Ferraud, and the two faces gave rise to interminable discussion, and especially to bets.

M. Derville begged the colonel to remain in his bed-room, and kept the Countess Ferraud in the cabinet. "As I was not certain, madam, that it would be agreeable to you to meet Colonel Chabert, I have separated you; but if you wish it"

"Sir," it was an attention that calls for my thanks. "I have prepared the minute of a settlement, the conditions of which you will either assent to or reject; they may be discussed between you and your husband while you are here. I will go from you to him alternately, to state to each your respective reasons."

"To the point, sir," exclaimed the countess, betraying a gesture of impatience.

Derville read. On the 8th day of March, in the chambers of M. Derville, solicitors, &c., appeared—On the one part, the Sieur Hyacinth, called Chabert, born at Paris the 1st of July 1765, and baptized in the Foundling Hospital the 2nd of the same month, the day after his reception, &c.; and on the other side, Dame Rosa Chapotel, the wife, by a first marriage, of M. the Count Chabert, (above named,) born"

"Pass over the preliminaries, and come to the conditions," said Madame, the preamble explains succinctly the position in which you are placed with respect to each other. In the first place, you acknowledge the individual mentioned in the certificate annexed to the settlement, and minutely described: you acknowledge him, I say, in the presence of three witnesses, two of whom are notaries public, and the other the poultry dealer with whom your husband lodged. To these I have confided the secret of your affair, and you may rely upon their strict silence. You acknowledge the undersigned, whose identity is established by a kind of public act to be the Count Chabert, your first husband. By the second article, the Count Chabert, with a view to your happiness, engages himself not to make any use of this recognition, unless in the events contemplated in the body of the settlement. These events," observed Derville, making a sort of parenthesis, "are no other than the non-fulfilment of the clauses of the secret convention. On his side," he continued, "M. Chabert binds himself not to appeal against the certificate of his death, not to sue for the setting aside of your second marriage, notwithstanding its nullity, (a nullity you must be aware of) and he leaves you in possession of the rank which you enjoy." "And what is the price of"

"asked the astonished countess. "By the third article," said the solicitor in continuation, and with an imperturbable phlegm, "you engage to create and establish to the said Hyacinth, (which is the only legal name of Colonel Chabert,) an annuity of twenty-four thousand francs inscribed in the *grand livre* of the public debt, so long as he lives, and that at his decease the principal shall revert to you." "Ghosts are expensive," said the countess, smiling. "Does not your fortune come from"

"Well, well, sir; if such is the composition, and it is made evident to me that the individual whose cause you plead really is the Count Chabert, I accept the terms." "Madame, you will have occasion to be sure it is he, for he adds one more condition to his sacrifice—a condition that more"

(Derville hesitated) "that I have never been able to prevail on him to forego." "What is it?" inquired the countess, whose curiosity was strongly excited. "He insists, madame, that during two days, one at the commencement and one at the end of each month, and of every month throughout the year, all his rights as a husband shall be recognized by you." "Horror!" cried the countess, rising from her seat. "Madam, he claimed six days; it was I who"

"Enough!" said the countess, "we will let the law decide." "Yes, we will let the law decide," repeated the deep voice of the colonel, suddenly opening the door and appearing before his wife. He had one hand under his waistcoat, and pointed with the other to the floor, with an energetic movement to which the recollection of his ad-

venture lent an appalling power. He remained standing, severe, implacable. "Tis he!" said the countess to herself. "And now, madam," resumed the old soldier, "I will have you to myself, and without participation." "But this gentleman is not the Count Chabert!" exclaimed the countess, feigning surprise. "Ah!" said the veteran, in a tone of profound irony, "do you wish for proofs? I saw you for the first time at Count Gilbert's—you were his wife's *femme de chambre*."

The countess turned pale under her rouge, and the soldier, touched at the sight of the sufferings he caused to a woman he had once ardently loved, paused; but went on again upon receiving from his wife a look that conveyed the venom of a serpent. "I might have ascertained this circumstance, you will say. Well, then, it is necessary to give you a convincing proof—if you do not know my voice, was it not I who broke you of the habit of"

"In mercy, sir, suffer me to leave the room. I did not come here to listen to such abominations."

She rose, quitted the apartment. "So, colonel, this is the way you conduct law-suits?" Derville sprung into the office, but the countess had already left: she appeared to have flown from the solicitor's dwelling. When he returned, Derville found the colonel pacing the room in a violent passion. "A woman to whom I gave a million of francs, and who tries to beat me down—who first chose me for a husband, and betrays me—I'll destroy her!" "Well, colonel, was I right or not in begging you to keep away? I am now convinced of your identity. When you first showed yourself, she was surprised into a movement dictated by an unequivocal feeling but you have lost your suit—that woman knows that to others you are no longer recognizable." "I will destroy her!" "Absurd! you would be taken and guillotined like a wretched culprit; and perhaps you might only wound her, which would be inexcusable—one should never fail killing one's wife, when the resolution is taken. Let me endeavour to repair your mischief. Pray leave me for the present."

The good and single-minded colonel obeyed his young benefactor, and retired stammering excuses. He descended the dark staircase slowly, and seemed lost in gloomy thoughts; overwhelmed by the blow he had just received, perhaps the severest he had ever sustained, and the one which struck most forcibly upon his heart, when he heard at the bottom of the stairs the rustling of a gown, and his wife appeared before him. "Come, sir," she said to him taking his arm in the manner he was formerly accustomed to. The action, the gentle voice, the tone of the countess produced on the poor soldier's concentrated fury, the effect of a drop of cold water in a steam-builer. His anger subsided, and he suffered his wife to lead him to her carriage. "Why don't you go in?" said the countess, as soon as the footman had left down the steps; and he found himself as if by enchantment, in the well-appointed chariot. "Where to, madam?" asked the servant. "To Groslay."

The horses crossed Paris. "Sir," said the countess in a tone of voice that confessed one of those emotions which occur but seldom in the course of life, but then show that the whole being is convulsed by them—heart, fibres, nerves, features, every pore shudders. We no longer feel that life resides in us, or to what regions it is transferred. This tremor is contagious, magnetic—transmitted by a word, by the manner of utterance, the look, the gesture; even the old soldier trembled at the single but fearful monosyllable, *sir*. Still it seemed, at the same time, a reproach, an entreaty, an interrogation, or an answer: it conveyed every thing, and none but a woman—a heartless woman—could have compressed so much of eloquence and of sentiment in a single word. The colonel felt remorse for his suspicions, his demands, and his anger, and looked down abashed lest his anxiety should be seen. "Sir," resumed the countess, after a pause, "I knew you!" "Rosina," answered the old soldier, "I asked no more to bury all former sorrows in forgetfulness." He dried two big tears that fell upon the hands of his wife, which he pressed with tenderness—with paternal tenderness. "How was it, sir, that you did not imagine the pain and embarrassment it caused me, to appear before a stranger in such a false position? If I am to blush for my situation, at least let it be in the circle of my family; such a secret should lie concealed in our breasts only, and you will, I trust, excuse my apparent indifference about the suffering of a Chabert, whose existence I had no reason to believe. Your letters I received," she added quickly, on seeing the objection which hung upon her husband's lips. "But did you see them?"

"They reached me thirteen months after the battle of Eylau, opened and dirty; and I was bound to believe, after I had obtained the signature of Napoleon to my new marriage, that some clever impostor meant to trick me. To avoid disturbing the peace of mind of M. de Ferraud, and not to change family ties, I was right to take precautions against a false Chabert—I was not?" "Yes, you were right; and I was an animal, a beast, not to have better calculated the consequences of a situation such as yours. But where are we going?" asked the colonel, perceiving that they had reached the gate of La Chapelle. "To my country-house near Groslay, in the valley of Montmorency. There we will reflect together upon the conduct we should pursue. I know my duties; I belong to you of right, but not in fact. But would you render us the table of all Paris—of all Europe? When you have decided on my fate, I will submit me to the judgment; but until then, let us maintain our own dignity in keeping the adventure from the public. You still love me then," she resumed, casting a look of mild regret upon the colonel. "As to myself, I was authorized to contract another engagement; and let me confide to your nobleness the admission that I love M. Ferraud. It is not because he is young and agreeable; no, if he had been an old man I should have felt the same, and I believed myself at liberty to yield to that sentiment of preference. I do not blush to make this declaration before you; it may offend, dishonour you it cannot. I look on you at this moment as a father, and as a friend. A secret impulse, or an intimate knowledge of your generous nature, teaches me that you will pardon that would I find in telling you this. Why conceal a truth, when I take you as a judge and throw myself upon your direction? An accident left me a widow, but I was not a mother; now I am so."

The colonel made a sign with his hand to invoke silence, and they remained without uttering a single word during ten minutes. Chabert's mind figured the children. "Rosina," "Sir!" "The dead do very wrong when they come back." "Oh, no, no! do not think me ungrateful. You find a tender friend—a mother though—where you left a wife; and if it is no longer in my power to love you, I know what I owe to you, and can offer you all the affection of a"

"Rosina," rejoined the old man, mildly, "I feel no resentment. If I imposed hard conditions, it was to avenge my neglected suffering."

As the countess blushed, the soldier admired the

modesty of his wife, and was happy to find again the qualities which had formerly attracted him. "Let us forget every thing," he added, with one of these smiles, the grace of which proceeded from the reflected lustre of a soul without guile. "I am not so indelicate as to require the semblance of affection from a woman who loves me no longer. Resentment made me feel a pleasure in the strange bargain I made. I sought to be a living remorse upon your happiness, to oil it by a prostitution, or rather by apprehension of it; for I should never have insisted on the reality."

The countess replied by a glance expressive of such gratitude, that poor Chabert wished himself back in his grave at Eylau for her sake. There are men whose souls are firm enough for such devotedness, from feeling the value of a word, a look, or a sentiment; all things fugitive with the multitude, but which are ineffaceable on these noble natures. "My kind friend, we will talk over all this later, and at our leisure," said the countess.

The conversation took another turn, and, although they reverted sometimes to their singular situation, either by allusions or serious reflections, they were charmed with the rest of their drive, and reminded each other of their past union and the events of the empire. The countess managed to throw about these reminiscences a charm that had a cast of melancholy in it, calculated to maintain the gravity of the scene. She received affection without renewing desire, letting her first husband discern all the moral treasures she had acquired, the which from thenceforth became his share of worldly happiness. They reached, by a cross road, a large park situated in the valley which separates the heights of Margency from the beautiful village of Groslay. The countess had a delightful house there; and on their arrival, the colonel perceived that every thing was prepared for his and her sojourn. Misfortune augments the mistrust and the ill-nature of men in general, in the same way that it adds to the benevolence of the virtuous few: it is a kind of talisman, whose property it is to corroborate our primitive nature, and misfortune had rendered the colonel more beneficent than before. Yet, despite his unsuspecting nature, he could not avoid saying to his wife, "You made quite sure of bribing me here." "Quite sure, if I found my Chabert in the complaint." And she laughed with such an appearance of sincerity, and dissipated the slight suspicions of the colonel, who internally reproached himself for having conceived them.

During three days, the countess conducted herself admirably towards her first husband. She appeared to be bent upon effacing his recollection of the sufferings he had undergone, by attentions and kindness. She enchanted him. The night of the third day, she had gone up stairs, allowing, notwithstanding her endeavours to the contrary, some traces of anxiety to appear. Placing herself at her writing-table, she abandoned the mask of gaiety worn before Count Chabert, just as an actress does who retires to her dressing-room after a trying fifth act, and falls half dead, leaving in the theatre an image of herself to which she no longer bears a likeness, she concluded a letter that had been partly written.

As M. de Ferraud had considerable estates to manage, he had attached to himself a ruined attorney in the quality of secretary. It was a man more than clever, and admirably versed in all the resources of chicane; but the cunning practitioner had understood his situation about the count so well, as to make him honest as matter of calculation. He hoped to obtain some lucrative place through the interest of his patron, whose affairs he managed most perfectly. His conduct so completely gave the lie to his former character, that he passed for a calculating individual; but the countess, with that ascendancy and *finesse* with which all women are, more or less, endowed, had penetrated the wily steward, and watched him skilfully. She knew how to manage him, and had already increased her fortune by following some of his suggestions. The letter she finished was for him. She requested him to go to M. Derville, to desire he would exhibit to him the documents relating to Colonel Chabert; and that, after taking copies of the essential parts, that he (the steward) would come to her at Groslay.

The missive was scarcely finished, when she heard the colonel's step in the corridor. He felt uneasy about her, and came to see that all was well. "Alas!" she said aloud, "I would that I were dead! My situation is intolerable." "How so? what has happened?" "Nothing! nothing!"

Then she rose, left the colonel, and went down to her *femme-de-chambre*, whom she sent to Paris with directions to give the letter to M. Delbecq, her steward, and to bring it back again after he should have read it. The *femme-de-chambre* set out, and the countess seated herself upon a bench which was sufficiently in view to make it easy for the colonel to find her.

Count Chabert was already seeking her; he hastened to her, and took his seat upon the bench. "Rosina, you have some hidden grief?"

No reply.

It was one of those fine, calm nights in June, that diffuse serenity. The air was pure, the silence profound. It was rather cool, and the voices of some children in the distance added a sort of melody to the sublimity of landscape. "You do not answer me." "My husband"

"said the countess. She stopped, and then blushing deeply, asked him, "How shall I express myself in speaking of M. de Ferraud?" "Call him your husband, my poor thing!" replied the colonel, with a delicious accent of goodness; "he is the father of your children." The old soldier sighed. "Yet," she added, "if M. de Ferraud asks what I am doing here—if he learns that I am shut up with a stranger, what can I tell him? Listen, sir; decide my fate—I am resigned." "Dear Rosina," said the colonel, grasping his wife's hands, "I have resolved to sacrifice myself to your happiness." "Impossible!" she exclaimed, with a convulsive movement; "remember that you must, for that purpose, renounce yourself, and in an authentic manner, too." "How?" said the colonel, "will not my word content you?"

At this moment the scene had something solemn, and there was at the bottom of these two souls the most fearful drama that the mind can picture. The word *authentic* fell heavy on the old man's heart where it awakened involuntary suspicions; and he threw upon his wife a noble and calm look that made her blush, and then look down. The colonel drew a long breath, and should be forced to despise her; he feared to have alarmed the mild ingenuous and severe probity of a man, whose virtues and generous emotions were"

These ideas were only in their birth, and a cloud over the features of both. The distant cry of a child, and the sound of a door, let pour sister alone. "Your children"

to trouble"

the delicate"

so modest, so graceful, and he kissed the countess's hand. "Let them come, then."

The little girl ran up to complain of her brother. "Mamma! Mamma!" "It was he that—"

"It was she who—"

Their little hands were stretched towards the mother, and the infantine voices mingled. It was a sad and a beautiful picture. "Here, are the dishonoured children; but they don't know it," cried the countess, suppressing her tears. "Is it you who make mamma cry?" said Jules, looking angrily at the colonel. "Silence, Jules," cried the mother, imperiously.

Both children stood silently scrutinizing their mother and the stranger, with a curiosity words cannot convey. "Yes," said the colonel, as if completing a phrase mentally commenced, "I ought to return to the grave, I've often said so to myself." "And can I accept such a sacrifice?" answered the countess. "Men have died to preserve the honour of a loved object; but they have only died once, and you would die daily. No, no, that cannot be. If it were merely a question of life, it would be nothing but to sign a declaration that you are not Colonel Chabert? Acknowledge yourself an impostor, your honour would be killed; for you must utter a falsehood at every hour of the day. Reflect, then, I would not have it so. But for my poor children, I would already have fled with you to the world's end." "But," resumed Chabert, "can I not live here in your little pavilion as a relation of yours? I am worn out like an unserviceable cannon, and all I want is a little tobacco, and the *Constitutionnel*."

The countess melted into tears. It was a combat of generosity between the Countess Ferraud and Col. Chabert, and the soldier came off conqueror. One night, on seeing his wife—or rather on seeing a mother—in the midst of her children, seduced by the touching graces of a family group, by a country fireside, in twilight and in silence, he took the resolution to remain dead; and, no longer scared by the "authenticity" of a declaration, he asked how he should set to work. "To assure, reverently, the happiness of that assembly?" "Do as you will, answer the countess; but I declare to you, that I neither ought, nor will have anything to do in this business."

Delbecq had arrived some days before; and in conformity with the instructions verbally given by the countess, had contrived to gain the old soldier's confidence. On the following day, Colonel Chabert accompanied the ex-attorney to Saint Leu-Taverny where Delbecq had caused a notary to draw up an instrument so harsh in its terms, that the colonel rushed out of the room after hearing it read. "Do—n't a pretty fellow I should be according to that—make me pass for a forger!" "Sir," said Delbecq, "I do not advise you to sign it. In your place, I would get ten thousand francs a year out of this affair, Madame de Ferraud would give it."

The colonel threw a look of thunder at the retired schoolmaster, and, impelled by a thousand conflicting sentiments, ran off with all the vigour of a young man. He had again become mistrustful—grew angry—then calm; and still running, entered the park at Groslay by the breach of a fallen wall, and at last seated himself in a kiosk, that commanded a view of the road to Saint Leu. It chanced that he trod gently when he approached the small room formed in the artificial rock on which the kiosk was built, and, as the approach was by a gravel-walk, the countess, who sat in the upper chamber of the structure, did not hear the colonel's step. In deep anxiety, she turned her head towards the avenue leading to Saint Leu, and was too much pre-occupied about the success of an important affair, to be scared by the slight noise her husband made on the other side; neither did the colonel perceive that his wife was in the little pavilion above him. "Well, Mr. Delbecq, has he signed?" asked the countess, on seeing the steward return alone to the other side of the ha-ha. "No, Madame; and I don't know what's the matter with him; but the old war-horse took the staggers!"

The colonel concentrated all his strength, and vaulted over ha-ha, to apply a pair of the prettiest boxes on the ear that ever saluted the visage of a pettifogger. "Add that old war-horse can still kick!" After this his anger evaporated, and he came round to the kiosk by the parkgate, and went straight to the aerial cabinet, from which the coloured lattices presented the delightful perspectives of the valley. The countess, seated on a chair, maintained entire self-possession. Her physiognomy was impenetrable. She affected to dry her tears, and seemed to be playing with a long pink ribbon that formed the girdle of a muslin dress. Yet, with all her assurance she could not help shuddering on seeing the venerable and honest soldier standing before her, his arms folded, his face pale, and brow severe. "Madame," after a look that forced a blush—"Madame, I do not curse you; but—I—despise you! Now I thank the hazard that separated us. I have no desire of vengeance, for I no longer love you. From you I want nothing; your children, who are playing and prattling below shall not be dishonoured. Rest assured, upon the faith of my word, which is of more worth than the scribbling of all the notaries in Paris—I will never re-assert the name, to which perhaps I gave a lustre. I am no longer other than the poor fellow called Hyacinth, who asks nothing but a place where the sun shines. I will live in recollections. Adieu!" The countess threw herself at the colonel's feet, and tried to detain him by holding his hands, but he repelled her with disgust, ejaculating, "Leave me!"

The countess made an untranslatable movement on hearing the steps of her husband recede; but with that profound perspicacity bestowed by a high degree of wickedness, or by the acuteness of ferocious selfishness she felt persuaded that she might live in peace upon the promise of her husband.

Chabert disappeared, and for a long time neither Derville nor the countess knew what had become of him. The poultry-dealer had failed, and was become a cabriolet driver. Perhaps the colonel content with little, had adopted some industry of the same kind; or else like a stone thrown down a precipice he had bounded from ledge to ledge, until he lost himself in the mire of rags that abounds in the streets of Paris.

Six months afterwards, Derville, not having heard from Chabert nor the Countess Ferraud, thought that they had certainly come to some arrangement, and that, in revenge, the latter had frequently used the instruments to be prepared by another. Accordingly, he one morning came to the house he had advanced the said Chabert, to the expense of the documents obtained, and, not knowing where he was, wrote a very polite letter to the countess, requesting her to reclaim the amount of this outlay. A letter from his former employer, the Ferrauds, who, in quality

of president of the Tribunal of First Instance, wrote him these desolating words—

"SIR:—The Countess Ferraud desires me to inform you that your client completely abused your confidence; and that the individual who styled himself Count Chabert has acknowledged that he assumed that quality falsely. Receive the assurance, &c. DELBECQ."

"Upon my soul, then, there are people stupid enough to munch hay!" cried Derville. "Be humane, be generous, philanthropic, and—a solicitor, and you are sure to be cheated. Here is a business that cost me—the devil take it!—I don't know how much!"

A year afterwards, he went to look for an advocate he wished to speak with, in one of the courts, and knowing that he was at the correctional police, he entered the sixth chamber at the moment the president condemned one Hyacinth to be imprisoned two months as a vagabond, and to be afterwards taken to the Saint Denis Depot of Mendicants; a sentence which is according to the jurisprudence of préfets of police, equivalent to perpetual confinement. At the name of Hyacinth, Derville looked at the delinquent, who was seated at the bar between two gen-d'armes, and instantly recognized the false Colonel Chabert.

The old soldier was calm, motionless, and rather absent; but in spite of his rags, in spite of the wretchedness imprinted on his face, there appeared a manly pride, and his look had a noble stoicism that a magistrate should not have mistaken. But there men become mere questions of law or of facts, as they are only units in the eyes of the statistician. Just as the soldier was taken to the strong room, in order to be afterwards led forth with the batch of vagabonds about to be judged, Derville, availing himself of the privilege of his profession, accompanied him to the Greffe. This room offered the spectacle familiar to the courts, but which, unhappily, neither legislators, philanthropists, painters, nor authors go to study. This ante-chamber of the Greffe was, like all the laboratories of chicane, a gloomy room with a musty smell, around which were the wooden benches blackened by the continual succession of unfortunates who come to occupy them from the depths of every kind of wretchedness. Not one of them but has kept this momentary recollection. A poet would tell you that the light of day was ashamed to shine upon this dreadful sewer of misery. There is no spot about it upon which some crime in germ has not reared; not a corner in which some unfortunate, who, driven to despair by the first stigma of justice on his *prima culpa*, has not commenced an existence, at the end of which the guillotine appeared. All those who fall on the *pau* of Paris rebound to this receptacle. The justification of various suicides is already written upon its yellow walls. The ante-chamber is like a preface either to the Morgue, for to the Place de Grève. At this moment, Colonel Chabert sat himself among a set of men wearing the horrible livery of want, silent at times, and whispering lowly; for there were three gen-d'armes on duty who paced up and down, their sabres clanging after them. "Do you know me?" said Derville, standing before the old soldier. "Yes, sir," answered Chabert rising. "If you are an honest man," resumed Derville in a low tone of voice, "how could you remain my debtor?"

The veteran blushed like a young maiden, whose mother accuses her for the first time of a clandestine engagement. "How I!" he cried aloud. "Madame de Ferraud has not paid you!" "Paid! said Derville; "why she wrote to say that you were an impostor." The colonel raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if to appeal through it to Heaven, his movement expressing a sublimity of horror, despair, and imprecation. "Sir," said he, "his voice sunk through emotion, obtaining the silence of the whole assembly. All those who fell on the Greffe; I will sign an order there which will certainly be paid." Upon a word from the solicitor, permission was given him to take his former client to the Greffe. Hyacinth wrote a few lines, sealed his letter, and addressed it to the Countess Ferraud. "Send this to her," said the soldier, "and she will be paid." "Sir," he added, after a slight pause, "if I have not evinced the gratitude I owe to you for good offices rendered, believe me it is not the less here, (placing his hands upon his heart.) It is here, full and entire; but what can an unfortunate do?" "How," said Derville, "did you not stipulate for an annuity?" "Don't talk to me about that!" answered the old soldier. "If you knew my indifference about the external life which most men hold so much to—when I think that Napoleon is at Saint Helena, while I wander about Paris which he made so grand—I can be a soldier with a gesture perfectly infatigable, it is better to have luxury in one's sentiments than in one's clothes. I don't fear any body's contempt." And the colonel returned to his bench.

Derville went away. When he arrived at his chambers, he sent his head clerk, M. Marat, who, on reading the letter, paid the sum due to M. Derville.

CONCLUSION.

In the middle of the month of July 1830, I went to Ris, in company with a retired solicitor. When we reached the avenue leading to Bicetre, we saw under one of the elms an infirm and grey haired pauper, such as those who obtain the syndicate of beggars, and who live at Bicetre in the same way that the destitute females do at the Salpêtrière. The poor creature—one of the two thousand—lodged in the "Hospital for the Aged," was seated on a stone, and seemed to concentrate his whole intelligence in an operation well known to the infirm poor, and which consists in drying the snuff on their hands, which is the only way to avoid washing. Perhaps, this old man had an interesting physiognomy. He was clad in the dusky red dress which the hospital accords to its guests—a kind of satire upon liveries. "Stop, Derville," I said to my companion, "look at that old man—isn't he the fellow who the chocolate figures the pastry cooks sell? And yet he is alive, and may even be happy!"

Derville took up his glass, looked at the mendicant, and betrayed a movement of surprise. "That old man," he said, "is a whole poem!" We passed on rapidly. "Have you ever met the Countess Ferraud?" asked Derville, abruptly. "Yes—she is a clever and agreeable woman." That aged inmate of Bicetre is her lawful husband! The Count Chabert, formerly colonel. She has, I conclude, placed him in this hospital, instead of an hotel, simply because he reminded the pretty Countess de Ferraud of some secret defects, and other original features of *femme de chambre*. I have in my mind's eye the feline look she cast on him at that moment. Having expressed some astonishment, Derville gave me the forgoing history, but with a number of details, and with a talent of narration which were not useless to me.

Returning by Bicetre on the following day, I proposed to Derville that we should go to see Count Chabert. We took the way to the avenue, and found the old man seated upon the trunk of a tree. The poor object had a stick in his hand, and was tracing lines in the dust. On looking attentively at him, we perceived that he had certainly breakfasted at some place other than the establishment. "Good morning, Colonel Chabert," said Derville. "My name's Hyacinth; I'm No. 164, seventh Ward." And he looked at Derville with timid anxiety—the fear of

the office attached to every court of justice, and to every prison, in which the records and registers are kept.

The bodies of persons found drowned, unknown suicides, and the casual killed, are brought to this gloomy depot, where they may be viewed through a glazed gallery by the public. The cloths of the victims, drenched usually with water or with blood, are displayed, and more frequently lead to recognition than the disfigured corpse itself. It is so kept as to be less disgusting than any description would convey a notion of.

Criminals were until lately exposed and executed on the Place de Grève, which is near the opposite bank of the Seine. The French Tyburn has been removed to an obscure barrier, where the action (rare as it has become of the guillotine seldom attracts a crowd. Of the amateurs of head-lopping, it has been observed at all times that the most numerous and eager spectators were females.

a dotard, or of a child. "You are going to see the man condemned to death," no said he to us after a little pause. "He is not married." "Poor fellow," said Derville; "will you have some money to buy tobacco?" The colonel eagerly stretched out his hand, with all the naïveté of a Paris beggar-boy. We each gave a five franc piece and he thanked us by a stupid stare, in saying—"Brave troopers!"

He next affected to take aim at us, and cried in a tone of military command, but smiling the while, "Fire!" Then he made some arabesque with his stick. "The nature of his wound has brought on dotage," said Derville. "He doting!" cried an old Bicetrian, who was looking on. "No, no; there are days when it would not be safe to look crooked at him. It's an old buck, full of philosophy and imagination; but to-day he has kept his Monday." Gentlemen, he was already here in 1818. It happened then, that the carriage of a Persian officer was sent up the hill of Villejuif, empty. Its owners walked after with another, a Russian, or some such beast, and on seeing Hyacinth, who was with me by the road side, he said, "There's an old light Bob, who was at Rosbach!" "I was too young to be there," answered the other. "but I was old enough to beat Jena!" Upon which the Prussian and his friend passed on, without risking any further inquiries. "What a destiny!" I cried. "Emerged from the Foundling, he returns to die in the Hospital for the Aged Poor, in the interval, he helped Napoleon to conquer Egypt and Europe."—*Metropolitan Mag.* for June.

MISCELLANEA.

ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELEPHANT.—On their return to the schooner along the banks of the river, passing near a spot where an hippopotamus had been seen sporting in the water, a loud rustling was heard amongst the reeds, as if the animal had retreated thither on the discharge of their pieces. Messrs. Arlett and Barrette, with two of the seamen, immediately followed, with the view of driving him out. In a few seconds Mr. Barrette rushed from the reeds with his face covered with blood and calling loudly for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert in search of the unfortunate officer. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at their numbers, retreated, leaving his victim stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death. Every attention was immediately paid to him, but it was some time before he recovered his senses, and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence that had led to his pitiable state. It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation, when he discovered that, instead of an hippopotamus, he was a most stumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gesture, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle. As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chaffing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjecture being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast. Mr. Arlett was with much care conveyed on board the schooner, when, on examination, it was found that his body was severely bruised, yet no bones were broken, excepting the fibula of the left leg, which was supposed to be slightly fractured. It appeared that the elephant, on his last return to Mr. Arlett had filled his trunk with mud, which, having turned him on his back and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into his stomach. It was this that produced the inflated appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.—*Owen's Narrative.*

ANCIENT COURT DRESSES.—Just after an encounter with the endless train of carriages filled with the beauty and grandeur of the Court of William the Fourth, on their way to the Drawing-room on Tuesday, we visited an exhibition at 209, Regent Street, of some veritable antique dresses worn at the Court of Cromwell, by the wife and daughters of the Protector; and of some others, scarcely more splendid, which were worn by the same ladies at the Court of Charles the Second. It was like stepping back two centuries. The contrast was striking, and redounded greatly to the credit of the *modistes* of the present day. The attraction of the old Court dresses consists wholly in the richness of the

The few halfpence given from time to time to some inmates of this Hospital are paid on Monday mornings, and are generally spent at the neighbouring brandy-shop ten minutes afterwards.

silks, the beauty and splendour of their embroidery, and the flow of drapery, ample as the mainsail of a frigate, or at least, as the curtain of a bay window. The trimmings are mostly such as the servant wench of these days would turn up her nose at; being merely a strip of narrow ribbon tacked hastily on, or disposed in a way that no rustic damsel would tolerate; two or three only are profusely garnished with gold or silver tinsel. The patterns of these capacious gowns are upon a grand scale, something like those on chintz, and are elaborately wrought in needle or tambour work, in coloured silks, and with gold and silver threads. The fashion is, of course, the long small waist, narrowing to a point before and behind, and the skirt plaited in, so as to spread "voluminous and vast" over the hoop, the train sweeping the ground. Some of them have simply a lacet bodice; others are adorned with stomachers. Of the last kind, there is a very superb specimen, in a dress of cloth of gold, faced with black velvet, having a rich gold embroidered apron, which was worn by Queen Elizabeth as half mourning for Mary Queen of Scots. Next to this is a fac-simile of the bridal dress of Queen Charlotte; gold and white brocade, with a border of peacock's tail. This was one of the dresses worn by Mrs. Luson, the possessor of this curious Court wardrobe. This old lady, whose eccentricities procured her some notoriety in the Magazine obituaries sixteen years since, married a descendant of Cromwell by the female side, from whom she received these dresses.—*Spectator.*

GENIUS.—What is genius, but the faculty of seizing and turning to account every thing that strikes us;—of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves; of making here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them? If it were not assured that Mirabeau possessed in the highest possible degree the art of appropriating the knowledge and the thoughts of those around him, I should not believe in the stories told of his influence. The most original young painter, who thinks he owes every thing to his invention, cannot, if he really has genius, come into the room in which we are now sitting, and look round at the drawings with which it is hung, without going out a different man from what he came in, and with a new supply of ideas. What should I be—what would remain to me—if this art of appropriation were considered as derogatory to genius? What have I done? I have collected and turned to account all that I have seen, heard, observed;—I have put in requisition the works of nature and of man. Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things—the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn—generally without having the least suspicion of it—to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience; often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped; my work is that of an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature;—it bears the name of Goethe.—*Austin's Characteristics of Goethe.*

POLITICAL CARICATURES.—H. B. has not been idle. The Easter Spectacle of the *Grim Grey Woman*, and the ballet of *Faust* have furnished him with hints which he has turned to good account. Lord Grey is the grim Grey woman, of course; and the King is Sir Joddrell. In one sketch the grim enchantress is represented seated behind Sir Joddrell on horseback, who is in a terrible fright, and appears to have lost all control of the steed Reform, that is running away with him. In another, Sir Joddrell is shown wearing a cap of Liberty, having a tricoloured cockade in it, and otherwise so ludicrously deformed or reformed—as H. B. first wrote it—that his old servants, Wellington, Peel, &c., do not know him, and run away in alarm and astonishment. In the scene from *La Tentation*, Sir Robert Peel, as Faust, is tempted by the Fiend with the offer of "the Treasury," which two of his spirits—looking very like Lord Althorp and Mr. Stanley—hold out to his acceptance. Who would take the odds that he does not yield to the temptation?

H. B.'s illustration of Cobbett's simile, comparing those members who dreaded the idea of Lord Althorp's retirement, to children crying to their mother "oh, mammy, don't leave us!" is extremely ludicrous. Lord Althorp looks very matronly, and her drooping progeny in pinafores seem most disconsolate. Burdett stands cap in hand in mute despair; Lushington blubbers outright; and Cobbett makes a wry face, in mockery we suppose—he looks a most refractory urchin, in his round frock. Hobhouse is sneaking off.—*Spectator*, May 18.

TAXATION.—An account has been printed, by order of the House of Commons, "of the gross and net amount of all taxes repealed, expired, or reduced in each year since the termination of the war; and also of all taxes imposed, in the same period, showing the several articles on which the alterations of duty were made, together with an estimate of the amount of the reduction or increase of duty upon each article." The return does not include the reduction in the present year. It appears that the gross estimated amount of taxes repealed since the close of war is 42,845,529*l*. The estimated gross price of the taxes imposed in the same time is 5,836,110*l*, leaving a balance of taxes reduced above those imposed of about 36,500,000*l*. Of the taxes so reduced about 9,000,000*l* have been custom duties, 14,000,000*l* excise duties, and above 18,500,000*l* the property and assessed taxes.

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